THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVIII. **Philadelphia, November 23, 1839.** **Whole No. 956.**

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HOUSE WHERE MY MOTHER WAS BORN.

I know your heart, on this windy night,
Is filled with memories of days of mirth;
And here, though, on the earth on its ancient form bleak,
Is a fragment whence we may learn.

I have paid it much counsel of green moss on its roof,
By the summer of it's century worn;
Its blackening walls, and the well I stood that aloof,
Were they there, when my mother was born?

Or were they, old roof, beneath which the child lay,
Unheeding the storm from the winter,
Or the sun, and free from decay,
And your gates open wide to the traveler?

Each rude footstep's command, each crumbling stone
Was dear, though my heart could but mourn;
For time cannot efface the memory of a great region,
Then we'd quiet where my mother was born.

Then you'd quiet where my mother was born.

It gave round the mansion, each fluttering leaf,
The waves were playing upon the fleets of the sea,
But not now silence, for your tones are lost here,
The voice not—when my mother was born.

Where the sun-beams are warmest, where flow-ents spring,
With perfume not the brightest rays of moon;
Where the wild-flowers are fairest, and every thing,
But the roses, was it where she was born?

Or that by the old elm, where bread branches swing,
Or the rose-bush that grows by the porch,
Or that dark and hide on its waving boughs sing,
And hid the young robin in secret?

It is gone at the time, was it quite a young tree?
Indeed its reminiscences now?
Or the rose-bush remember their time,
For few now have lived remember their time.

Well, farewell to the state, where Jerusalem's King
Was the pride through a hundred fathers;
But, the old time hoard's memories I sing,
Which whose roof my lord of matter was born.

W. S.

From the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

BREAKING ONE'S HEART.

A CAST-OFF LOVER'S CONFESSION.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Put up the window, Jim,—bring in a mess-mate from this pestiferous atmosphere of the night! Egad, sir, but it is'nt it hot? I've almost burned the bottom out of my pantaloons, and the hair off my smoke, and drank loud sherbet—do vent it a little, there's a good soul! but you've a message up the Hudson—is'nt it a glorious river? and I heard a Congressman call it the Rhine, and I attacked—thank God—its robber-castles. Your health, sir—another for the old river, and let it be a bumper!

"Thank you, Jeremy—you are too kind—but don't think me a drunkard, sir! Indeed, sir, I have respect too from the weakness!—glorious souls are sometimes overthrown by it, and I am one of them! and as I live, if there isn't two sweet little cherubs playing on sand in front of the door! Are they your own, sir, or have you lent them for a prince?"

"Nonsense, do n't talk of it, my dear sir,—there's nothing of the kind, of course! Are the children you have n't say? But you 're married? Why, you look married! Your face is full enough—happy enough to be so. But as you were saying about the Highlands, I was going to remark that nothing could be more delightful than a visit to the Catskill region—is one of a story that I have been very much annoyed, and that woman's heart will break for love.—Not for me, sir, not for me! I'm not the man, sir, to let you, you shall listen; and egad, sir, we 'll both have to fill up the pauses.

Harry Linton—you know him?—we were at choicest chap I ever saw. He was younger than myself, and was entering upon the study of surgery a collegian as every rickets the professors, and a gentleman as every inch of him. He was a lucky dog!—carried off the honors in spite of competition, and finished his course with the highest éclat. How he could converse! Such a well-cut-up wounded—such a case—such a fever—such a—I'll tell you the same young attorney; and I believe before he was twenty-three he had more practice than any physician in the city. Invariably too, than any youngster of his age I ever knew. He was a favorite with the old doctors, nothing but blood and wo,—and so as he should n't disgrace his profession, he took to the heart among the girls, fitting from flower to flower, and enjoying life as young men will, and never noticed their love-making, and then off again.

"It's'nt say it was exactly right—many a heart must have been broken that way—but it was fascinating!

"Well, there was one sweet creature he had known for years, for they had been children together, and had grown up with the same scenes and to them to fall in love. Every body vowed it would be a match. Her parents encouraged it—it was just the union—and she was worthy of Linton's affection! Her form was faultless as Parisian's, and just fullness enough to be exquisitely rounded. Her face was not exactly pretty, but it was full of expression—it spoke of feeling, deep blue eyes, that looked love at every glance, and then her hair, that was the color to do the work—black may be queenly,—hazel may be sweet,—but give me a raven tress! Her step, blue eye of some sweet little fairy, looks fall into your own, you might as well give up the ghost at once.

I have said Livingston was scathing of a heart frequently, and when he was returning to venture to escort Alice Leslie for a while,—and they were to ride, walk, converse together, or sit chatting alone when the old folks were out, or in the parlor when they were present. It was delightful—and though if ever he loved it was then, he could not resist the desire to visit the city, and to visit her less frequently, and finally—the hard-hearted rascal—he nearly ceased altogether. It may be known he was poor to a penny, and had his pride forbid him to wed one he loved better than myself (I say it that he heard if he continued the intimacy, his heart would be irrevocably gone, and he was not to be enjoyed gradually of, became attentive in other quarters, and at last fullness enough to be considered altogether to have forgotten that such a her creature as Alice Leslie lived, or that he had spent the most delightful months of his life at his visits ceased altogether. It was now winter, and the snow was falling fast and deep. Of course Alice never alluded to him,—of the fact that he had ceased to visit her, and she but I do n't know how it was—though she was not a heart-breaker, she seemed like a wife-mother to her cheek, and she seemed like a withered flower slowly fading away. The doctors took their heads together, and said it was a case of consumption. Ah! sir, how many hearts are broken that way! Consumption is the fair sex's old disease. I am a believer in a broken heart. There is a light, delightful consumption—a long and tender mind; a cold, deadly, mysterious wasting, drying up of the vital powers, like; mantraying over an unrequited love, which ends in vacuous slowly, and almost imperceptibly to the eye, and the sufferer is dead, and literally cold, the groups silently away and no one knows what it is that has killed him. Consumption never betrays its disappointment. It almost seems from its appearance that it is a fault in the mantle of its sorrow, and silent, and cold, and unobtrusive as the grave, it goes on day by day day away, while the cheek pales on the eye grows unnaturally bright, until at last the sufferer is gone, and nobody knows why—broke heart passes to that land "where the weary are at rest." Linton was a believer in it, and he brought by some slight carelessness, that began to be noticed by the parents of Alice, and excited all interest in the things of life. As the flowers of spring were in bloom, and the waters it hath leased upon, so the heart of a maiden was broken, when once it is betrayed, turns from the world, and pines away!

"Well, sir, as a last resort,—poor thing!—she was sent to spend the summer with her mother, having been bettering at Lake Champlain, and Linton, who had been his patient at Saratoga, had just landed at the Catskills, and was about to ascend the mountain, when who should he see but Alice Leslie and her father. Livingston started, and turned pale, for he knew that he was the cause of the sweet girl—the more startled, as he had not seen her for months, and therefore was not returned his salutation. By one of those strange freaks that we sometimes have known, they were both thrown together in the same carriage. Sally up all his hardihood, he took became the life of the company. It was dangerous thing to be placed so near a man who had once loved. It touches every chord of the heart, and needs no little tact to disguise your emotion. But what was there that mad cap Harry Livingston could not do?

Hats for ever succeeded to the mountain top. Then, sir, to the Christian. The country does not afford a better sight. All and valley rod around you, and the roads wind along precipices hundreds of feet sheer down—while the tops of the tall pines below wave on a level with the carriage window. Here a rill goes babbling and parting across the road, and then murmurs hoarsely, like a sweet mind the forest brought, as it leaps and bounds down the steep. Away of the clouds are sailing round the mountains, as they reach the peak across the valley. It was a night to make the clank's speech, and they all fell into a pleasant mood. But Alice did not join in it, and only answered in monosyllables, though all, apparently, to the questions addressed to her. Harry, however, did not heed it, and the whole country was in a row with his wit. But directly a thunder storm arose, and here white all ground about, up upon it, for the rain began to fall in torrents, and the dark tower of the mountain was enveloped in clouds. The thunder brought the horrid lightnings zig-zagged, followed by the heavens, and it seemed about to envelop them in echoing among the hills. Down in the valley, where the storm had not reached, the sky was of a cerulean-faith were nestling in the sun's—the bright zone of the landscape below contrasting strongly with the dark and lowering appearance of the cloud clouds above. For awhile, as I said, all was silent, but it was the silence that is prior to a tornado, it lent into the stage, and numerous exclamations of discomfort were heard from the passengers. The sent of Alice was particularly exposed, and more than once she shivered to exclaim with her. But the only fit one was that which Harry Linton had taken, and each remarked that he seemed to accept it. When they all came to be seated again, by a singular chance, sir, Harry Linton had got next to Alice, and he was by her, and I need not tell a man like you that it was all a thrill, like an electric shock, through every nerve of his frame. As he sat down the sigh of Alice, for as if it were the last of her days! God knows, I would quite my blood to save you a moment's sorrow, and though I have seen you but twice, you are dearer to me than myself.' Harry looked Alice all his old feelings returned with tenfold force, and he was ordered to endure suffering to touch the heart. His gay air was gone at once.

Pardon me, Miss Leslie—but had n't you better put on a shawl?' he said, in a low voice, and then in a lower tone, full of feeling, he added, 'and you look cold.'

"Thank you!" scarcely faltered the sweet girl, for the tone in which he spoke reminded her of days that were gone by, and she felt she could do to prevent her full heart from feeling the pain that it was about to endure. Her voice quivered, and that when he delicately placed the shawl upon her shoulders she could scarcely keep from trembling. But discerning as he thought himself he little suspected the cause.

Well, sir,—but let me fill your glass—the storm soon swept below, and while the top of the mountain was still in the clouds, and the sky of clouds hung like a gauze veil around the body of the mountain, the sun broke out, and the rain stopped, and the sunbeams glinting through, made every drop sparkle like a diamond. It seemed as if a million o' diamonds were falling flashing from the sky. It was indeed magnificent.

Meanwhile the rain had left the roads so slippery that it was with great difficulty they could ascend. Linton, therefore proposed that he should get out of it, grow lively as young bloods, and after the storm was over, they would walk. And you may well laugh,—but there's nothing like such scenery to excite sentiment, and as you will see in, and the stars—the old rascals—began to twinkle, and Linton, who had got rather tipsy drunk, the gentlemen became perfectly sentimentalable. Old Leslie was as bright as anyone, and Alice was more than herself. She had little like the gay company, and it was only when Linton spoke to her request, and then in a tone of the still declined he might suspect the truth, that she was alarmed. Even the old parents of Scotch songs that will live forever. At first he was asked to sing, but he positively refused, and became louder, and swelled out like the richness of an angel, gushing forth in its own intoxicating melody. Linton was a good singer, but he had often heard her sing it in other days, and it almost makes me go of my self to hear it now. Alice, sir, Alice Leslie, was the sweetest singer I ever heard. Linton, egad, old as I was, I danced at her wedding, and it almost makes me go of my self to remember it now. Well, sir, Linton sang—[—sang!—may] you have, my young blade, to expect a birthday and to sing like him.

"Thank you!—with all my soul—but what was I about to say?

"Oh! faith, sir, and that's the joke of it,—Linton sang, and Alice sang, and Linton sang in Alice's saddle, as a sovereign cure for the first stages of consumption. Consumption—poor thing!—had n't the most on her side, but she was more sunburned sweet little Alice among its roses—and her cheek was not so pale, and her eye was not so dejected for poor Linton, as he thought that her heart was broken. It came pretty nigh it, and it was only owing to the most powerful husband's fit it after they were married—I'll stand by it, sir, in your health—I must take a number after that.

J. S.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE IMPROVISATORE.

'Twas an Italian eve—the sunset sky
Was bright with hues of glory,
And through the vast expanse the moon unveil'd
In queenly majesty and beauty smiled.
The glassy lake in dreams a scene would give
Of structure of the silvery clouds upward,
And bath'd in radiance seem'd a spot too bright,
For aught but spirits of the world of light.
In the calm bosom of the deep Lagoon,
With equal splendor, stone a second moon,
And on the waters, as the moon-beams fell,
A shower of pearls across the surface glean.
On either bank the massive foliage flung
Deep shadows, and on a rustic cottage hung
Low o'er the waters as with guardian arms,
They seemed to bower it'er that streamlet lay,
Along the margin of the lake a sandy strand,
Soft as the tinkling of a summer's rain;
Sweet as though sweet unearthly mingled there,
Is heard the organ's soft and solemn swell,
Was issuing with its music-breathing wind,
Such thrilling harmony melts from each string,
As from the poet's heart, and lays the listening
Of proud and lowly forms a child of song.
An aged minstrel, therefore poor and blind,
Yet gifted with the power to fill the lay-instrument,
And as his rumbling hands the bright chords swept
The gifted minstrel bow'd his head and wept.
Visions of happier hours he soul oppressed,
And a full tide of feeling swell'd his breast
Till with an eye and heart that wept in vain—
While silvery music from his harp-strings rang:—

Merrily, sweet county lift up once more
Children's veil that hath curtain'd o'er
With its memories holy, dear to my sorrow,
Where time flung wreaths o'er my childhood's
home!
Again I those brilliant pageants pass
In bright review o'er thy magic glass—
I gaze on each dear, familiar brow,
Their shadow'd eyes, and their smiles now
In life-like beauty—each blooming cheek,
And radiant eye so fond and meek,
Each bright ringlet now bound in clustering hair
And its happy smile is mingling there.
And the sprange of love in my lonely breast
Has been waked by the light of the past to rest
Now fill my frame with a living glow,
Though many years be dim—my hair like snow.
Oh blessed and holy, full of peace
The only hour of childhood's prime,
Now my weary spirit is winging back
To the flower-girt home of my morning track.
When the grist which rung the heart at night
Was closed by the wing of slumber light,
When round its hearth by social glee
Though the eye might swim in tears the while,
And sunny gleams and sudden showers,
Made April chime of childhood hours.
When never a thought of care or sorrow,
Rose with our evening or to-morrow,
But memories of the past, and love around it,
We deem'd the future would be the same;
Alas, that we find each youthful dream
But a sunlight cloud, a moonlight gleam!
Yet hence there still a lingering mark
Of its path to shine, however dark,
As closest to the dim and cheerless
Our souls's frail joys and fairy heaven.
For oft when hearts from beyond the tomb
Turns brighter through the gathering gloom.
Still lamented oh my spirit springs—
Though short its flight on its broken wings—
For there is treasured the hope and trust
That lives when the frame has returned to dust.

The last, sweet, melancholy tones were hushed
And many a heart-string gave softly gushed
Young, happy hearts with heavenly joy melted,
Proffered the minstrel many a kindly word
And gain to soothe him on his weary way,
And cheer the lonely evening of his day;
Remembrance stands gentle look and smile,
Will long his saddened heart and way beguile,
And happier now, he, with his youthful guide,
Again departs upon his wanderings wide. ROSALIE.

* The Angel of Song—among the Persians.

From the Gazetteer and Patriot Monitor Review.

IOWA TERRITORY.

Its Present Condition and Prospective Increase.

BY JOHN FAUNCE, JR.

I greet the reader of the Summer from distant Iowa—the utmost unknown solitude of 1835. The rapidly advancing Territory of 1839, the vigorous State, as we may confidently assert, of 1841. I am a dweller in the Far West, as this locality region is still called by the inhabitants of the Atlantic States; although to locate the term the inquirer for the Rocky Mountains of the West would, if seeking the information from an Iowa settler, be referred to the Pacific ocean in the vicinity of the Platte river; just under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains themselves. The good humored smile would reward his ignorance, if he asked whether the Iowa river did not flow between governing settlements of the young Territory.

In truth, if the term be applicable, as I so believe, to that portion of our national domain yet unsurveyed and unsold, and which, notwithstanding the small number of its white inhabitants, the emigrant must not esteem in find the Territory of Iowa, as the present residences of refined civilization, nor yet can we find in the plains of Iowa any thing of the romantic in their decay. We are too young for that! but we can find in the Territory of Iowa a most increasing population; settlements of yesterday; to day clustering busily for city charters; actually possessing trade, marquee interest, commerce; wealth for all who possess honesty, industry, and perseverance; and a fair field and no favor for religion, and, as the foundation of both, for education. Such is the Territory of Iowa to the morning wail with the rudar, yet equally pleasing to the eye of the contemplative man. Where in the times all point onward—the spirit of the age is shown to be progressive every where; but no where is the progress more manifest than in the Territory of Iowa. Every one seems to have caught the genius of interest. Let them but come and see—and they will remain to enjoy—for the spell that offers that a very brief residence among us will find them agreeing with us as to the advantages, present and prospective, of the Territory of Iowa. True, we are the youngest and least known member of the family of Republics. But we are distant when the advantages of location and natural resources, intelligence, industry, and the commanding territorial links of the Government, will place her in the high rank of a rich republican member of the Federal Union.

With the view to illustrate the position I have assumed in relation to Iowa, I shall now, as briefly as unoppressive to the scope of the Examiner, I present a few facts, as I afraid even of her concerning the advance of settlements in Iowa, and its rapidly increasing wealth. I shall not attempt to confine myself to the matter, indifferent of all fixed rules, to the correctness of the manner of its publication.

Iowa was detached from Wisconsin Territory in 1838, in a fall of which year I was born, and into a separate Territorial Government. The population at that time was trifling, but the immigration since has quadrupled the amount.—Then the Territory was little better than a collection forms in, and contiguous to the river settlements, and the mineral region of Dubuque, as soon as the larger settlements was important as posts for internal trade, the area of population was but limited. Now towns have sprung up in rural districts filled up, and industry redeem from nature's most distant depths to commerce with it the advantages of business navigation.

The Territory of Iowa, after some few unfortunate and scarcely subject to the deleterious changes observed in the climate of the other States north and east. The reports of pestilence engaged in the service of the United States Government, and the map of the Territory shows that the country generally is of a most favorable character for steam navigation, to of greater extent and more important in its trading operations than any other one in the American world. The Mississippi, one now, or hereafter, retarding the progress of the Territory, is the great highway for mercantile operations, are rapidly disappearing. The great remedy against sickness is found in the ability to yield tribute, and the commerce of the Territory, in every direction, is rapidly becoming permanent, and wide spread. This state of things is materially the exports of lands increase in its population; and the wealth of every one is generally sought, the rich mines of Iowa have also their share of attention. Over the mineral region of the States around her, on that her means of wealth are rapidly increasing, and the attention of the world is directed to the mineral resources of the country, is to find ores for agricultural purposes. The soil of Iowa is acknowledged to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of the tobacco plant, and the vegetable found in the Temperate regions.—The rich grass of the Iowa plains, the same as are Europe, the fruits of the West Indies, and the mulberry readily a spot of ground to prepare the agriculturist for his toil. Already are the domestic silks attracting the attention of northern capitalists, and it has been ascertained that grain raised in Iowa may be shipped to the market Boston of Ohio, and thence to Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, at prices as moderate as the cost of transportation will permit. Even the growth of the south of Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. The wheat of the Territory of Iowa recent facts have proved its correctness, nor is it matter for surprise that it should be so. The agriculturists of the old States have latterly neglected the cultivation of the great farming products of the country, and have turned their attention to matters promising more lucrative as well as immediate returns. The consequence has been that the quest of a mean; one day the build an up of some village or town, and the next day abandoned the next day planting multiplicable instead of corn. This state of things cannot continue much longer to the importation of grain. There is not enough produced in the north for domestic consumption, and men engaged in the trade will direct their attention to the Baltic. But when the ingenious commerce of Iowa shall open the territories of Iowa and Wisconsin pass in their surplus, and the exchanges with the Eastern and European crop. We can furnish the commodity of wheat at less rate than the Baltic. We can supply as good an article, and we find it to be the interest of the people to patronize the manufactures of the east in return. Such is the advantage to the East. The wealth of the country remains at home. Owners of land, in search of the new market for their goods, and the system of home production and consumption, is the result.

The detached town of Burlington has grown to many of the settlements in Iowa are, one, one of considerable importance, and a rapid one. Well is not a fit subject for the rapid parallel. We will sustance a few of them, with a promise to so doing, that at some future day we will attend to the subject for the perusal of the readers of the Examiner.

The county of Des Moines, Lee, and Van Buren, in the south of Iowa, and Louisa to the east, are the most favorable for the commencement of settlements. Of these, Des Moines, and Lee, are the most favorable. Burlington is the principal town in Des Moines, and Fort Madison in Lee. Burlington is the largest, and Fort Madison the most favorably situated. Burlington is the largest, and Fort Madison the most favorably situated. Burlington is the largest, and Fort Madison the most favorably situated

Jem's you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball to its place, and carefully poured some powder into the pan; "it's all right; quick time by them other horse tings you've got over out with red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, Dooter; you must tell us anudder—the Engineer may as well keep 'em till all Rinky gets back."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, for the night threatened severity—and to doubt and mistrust the old hunter acknowledging to himself in mental soliloquy, that the Doctor was a "right nice sort of young fellow, considering he was raised among Yankees," also lavishly along the path. He had proceeded about four or five miles further on his way, when he perceived that the trail which he observed, turned suddenly aside, toward a little point of woods, that put out into the prairie. "So, so," said he, "they've much has been cut among the deer to-day; I was in hopes 'twas among me going up to the head-waters," and he kept reining along the road, when suddenly the loud report of a rifle was heard, reverberating through the night, and the old man, wrinkling and carefully scanned it from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A few moments afterward, the figure of a man stole out from the shadow of the trees, and cautiously approached the place, as if to ascertain the vicinity of the shot, and if any of the party should not just be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proved himself immediately to be the assassin of the deceased.

"Execution!" muttered he at length, with a fearful sneer, as he continued, "the old scoundrel has received his deserts at last, and Perpetua's father through his hand for settling—

"Ye lie! I hated him, by Heaven! never in the settlement, that old Rickby grew to be so wicked a tyranny. Well, it's his own fault, say he, 'tis his own wilful fault, and he may thank the good Lord that he's gone, for taking a man's life, and the penalty of Kentuck' appointment carried to the straight to do his duty. I'm sorry I dropped that dram Bob brought; but I'm a better shot when my head's clear," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast, where it had hung for forty years.

"What the devil have we here?" said he warm, as in stepping from the body, he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "a gun, I'm surprised if that ain't worth a hundred, at the least. Well, it's more than I expected, and I'll take it, by the powers of mischief, as a present from the old boy himself, for saving me from the gallows."

"Execution!" muttered he at length, with a fearful sneer, as he continued, "the old scoundrel has received his deserts at last, and Perpetua's father through his hand for settling—

"Ye lie! I hated him, by Heaven! never in the settlement, that old Rickby grew to be so wicked a tyranny. Well, it's his own fault, say he, and he may thank the good Lord that he's gone, for taking a man's life, and the penalty of Kentuck' appointment carried to the straight to do his duty. I'm sorry I dropped that dram Bob brought; but I'm a better shot when my head's clear," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast, where it had hung for forty years.

"What the devil have we here?" said he warm, as in stepping from the body, he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "a gun, I'm surprised if that ain't worth a hundred, at the least. Well, it's more than I expected, and I'll take it, by the powers of mischief, as a present from the old boy himself, for saving me from the gallows."

In time unturning, the ruffian remounted the animal he rode by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, mostly at right angles with the path, above which the unfortunate Thomas had been traveling.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

In view of the pecuniary difficulties which now interfere with the general prosperity, it will be gratifying to those who think that a large proportion of these difficulties are occasioned by over purchasing too much and producing too little, to perceive any thing that may hold out a fair prospect of correcting the evil. We have always looked duly against as it is of importance to meet in some other way than by the payment of specie. If our country is capable of yielding that which will furnish a ready mode of liquidating this foreign balance, should not the attempt be made to call into operation that object?

Encouraged convinced that this object can and ought to be accomplished by means of the cultivation of Silk, for the benefit of many of the climates and soil of large portions of the country are proved to be every way suited, a meeting was recently called for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of introducing the silk culture in the United States." Among the objects which it proposes, is to establish a mart for the purchase of cocoons, raw and manufactured Silk of American growth, with a view to an extensive public exhibition; the memorializing of Congress; the dissemination of information by means of publications, lectures and such other matters as may legitimately come within the power of such a association. The members pay annually the sum of $5 for the purpose of creating a fund for the prosecution of its intentions, and already nearly two hundred names have been enrolled upon the list, and large accessions are made at each of its weekly meetings.

Aware that much would depend upon the character, ability and public spirit of those who may preside over and direct its proceedings, it was a matter of anxiety, in filling the office of President, to secure the co-operation of one who should combine in his own person all those essential qualities." This object the Association has been fortunate enough to secure in the inheritor of Nicholas Biddle, Esq. who, in consenting to preside over the deliberations of the Association, observed: "I am sensible of the distinction implied by the appointment, and regret only that I shall be so little able to realize the expectations of the Association. At the same time I am no stranger to the influence by say means in my power to the encouragement of our own national industry, that I feel reluctant to decline any effort by which I may be useful." The discerning mind of this distinguished citizen, in publicly evincing his estimation of the true character of the silk culture, will meet a response in the views promulgated by Benjamin Franklin in 1770, and more recently by Ex-President Adams, Mr. Sandford, and others, who in Congress have recommended the encouragement of the introduction of our soil and climate, which, by the latter gentleman, was, in his report as chairman of the committee of manufactures, declared to be, next to that the subject, declared to be fully equal to the best portions of China for the production of silk. The success of the experiment in the Northern and Middle states, is one which will realize a better profit than any other crop that can be put into the ground. It is simply sufficient to say, that already have taken the trouble to examine for themselves, and nothing appears to be now wanting but a proper spirit of enterprise to induce the formation of companies and the permanent establishment of this important branch of native industry.

The incentive that which the silk produce enables the French nation to levy upon other countries, has placed her, during the present commercial embarrassments, in a position which, in spite of the pressure noticed, in a position which our own country might now have been enjoying the establishment of, had the advice and example of Franklin been followed. What this was, we find stated in M'Mahon's American Gardener, published in this city so long ago as 1806. From page 361 we copy that "Silk has been raised and manufactured into most excellent fabric under the direction of that great and venerable patriot and friend to mankind, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. That no useful a pursuit should be suffered to die away, is a maxim so well adopted for it to say in the universe, is so eminently the interest of the nation."

Too long has the nation neglected the advantages to be reaped from this source. The Nipmuck and Connecticut valleys formed the chief nurseries of silk, still, it is hoped, succeed in awakening the country to a sense of its importance. Among its officers we find the name of Timothy Pickering, a name in the faith of whose American flag, manufactured under his own personal direction in this city, no prominent citizen will be wanting. The order of Cincinnati, in this land, displayed a splendid evidence of American skill and material. The Hon. G. D. Wall of N. Jersey, Calvin Blythe, Jonathan Roberts, Edmund Randolph, Wm. Rawles, and other distinguished citizens of this and the neighboring states are also among its vice presidents, and the Association may reckon on a share of talent and intelligence as well as public spirit, from whose labors much may be safely anticipated.

The next meeting will meet again this evening at Brant's, in George street above Sixth, at 7½ o'clock, and all feel deeply interested in the matter are invited to attend.

ON KEEPING SILK WORM EGGS.

Immense quantities of silk worm eggs have been lost this season by premature hatching. In one instance, spread of eggs, one hundred ounces, were destroyed from Pennsylvania, and that had been kept close their arrival in this country in a refrigerator, at a temperature of forty-five degrees, and hatched there with a cold day, and heavy leaves to feed the worms with, and then were of course all lost. The second instance caused much loss to those who had purchased eggs in the usual way. Those who have eggs on hand should keep them in a cool place, and not allow them to hatch too early. They will prove by example what almost every body has learned from experience, that silkworm eggs hatch as readily in an ice-house as any where else, if they have at any time previously been exposed to a warm temperature.

It is earnestly recommended that all persons who are forming lots to feed silk worms, should not select from the first formed cocoons, but the most number to produce as many eggs as they may want for next year's use, and within three or four days after the eggs are laid, they should be securely in a very cold, dry cellar, or an ice-house, and there keep them steadily till wanted for use, when they may be taken out and put with them out in such portions as they wish for successive crops during the season. Those kept in a cellar, however, should be taken out in the spring to an ice-house before the 1st of February, or they cannot be kept from hatching in May.

Eggs that have been carried about the country during the winter, should be kept from hatching during the warm weather, the latter part of April and in May. Therefore, purchasers of eggs, under such circumstances, should be prepared to feed the worms by the 1st of May, at the latest, in the latitude of Baltimore.

The French and Italian scrape the eggs from the cloth or paper on which the insect has deposited them, before exposing them to hatch. Indeed, many of them never keep them "in bulk," like a bushel of seeds, from the time they are laid till next season, and most of the eggs that are imported into the country are put up in boxes, like mustard seed, and with the package upon paper, magazines and newspapers.

Since Britain, loaded with a heavy National Debt, has set the example, we are not scarcely suppose that serious objection will be offered in our own country, burdened as it is with a surplus revenue. It does not comport with the genius of our institutions that there should be a tax upon the means of intellectual culture; nor with the spirit of an adventurous and enterprising people, that the mind of the people, the true medium of intercourse of sentiment among mercantile and business men, or of citizens widely remote from each other. We do not advocate a total abolishment of the present rate of postage, it would be to convert our mails into vehicles for the transportation of all sorts of packages, but the rates might be considerably reduced upon letters, and given up upon papers and magazines altogether, without seriously affecting the stability of Uncle Sam.

THE WATSON CONCERT.

We attended the concert of Mr. Watson, on Tuesday night. The audience was a highly fashionable one, and such as did credit to the occasion. Mr. Watson is a singer with intelligent sweetness; and in the "Soldier's Tear," with so much feeling, that we beheld several young ladies fairly melted into tears. Miss Wells sang "The Lord's Prayer" with delightful expression, and was encored. The duett of "Matrimonial Discussion," of which we may as well now acknowledge we are fond, was also encored as well as sung, by Miss Wells and Mr. Quayle, and enthusiastically applauded. To gratify the audience, Mr. Quayle sang "Hail Columbia," encored on the *Corset a Piston*. He entranced more genuine music from the instrument, than we believed it capable of. He is an accomplished vocal player. Mr. Quayle, was successively fine in Glover's Irish air of "The Hour before Day," the Spanish guitar, as it take the departure for England, and we think we could even designate the lady, whom it is purposed that it shall be presented to—and Mr. Norris' serving accomplishments extend, she is indeed a "Syren;" and we have no doubt the thrilling notes of the Trumpeter, will seriously assail her vocal organs in their delivery.

We subjoin the article referred to.

[From the London Times of September 7th.]

A great concert was given last night among the musical professors and amateurs of Genoa, by the accomplishment of what they term the "Grand Trick" of the season. The performer was a celebrated artiste residing in that neighborhood. The details, as given in the journals furnished us by the politeness of Messrs. Baring & Brothers, are very interesting, and from which we gather the following:

"It appears that the celebrated Sinaloi, during his sojourn in Australia, for the purpose of establishing his Ascension Performer on the Trumpet, and where he amassed great riches—was struck with the idea of applying the same principle to produce an appendage to his Trumpeter, which would endow it with the faculty of accompanying the human voice in its highest accents, inspire, change of time, cadences, &c. precisely in the manner of a living artist.

"The master mind of Sinaloi, having conceived the idea, his plans were quickly matured and drawn out, which he immediately forwarded with a 'carte blanche' as to expense to his friend, who had promised unconditional support in the construction of his wonderful Automaton performer.

"It was a task of no ordinary difficulty, but with the certainty of ample remuneration, the ingenious artist set to work, and two years of constant application, and repeated failures, produced at last a completely successful result, upon which he wrote to Sinaloi, who unfortunately about this time died, while on his passage from Havana to Philadelphia, at which place it is believed his effects were sold at auction, including those of the Automaton Trumpeter. Upon hearing this, the actress offered her services for one night's performance, which was accepted, and the result was a crowded house at Drury Lane Theatre, succeeded in obtaining it at a high price, and successfully embarked for the United States, in the packet ship Independence, with the full determination as we understand, of its being first exhibited in London, at a series of concerts to be given in Hanover Hall. Which of our concerts rooms is to be honored with the first exhibition, we have not yet heard, but we presume, (if the proprietor wishes to realize a fortune) she will be one of our ever-crowded concerts. It is understood that Paganini, to whom it was shown, expressed himself highly delighted with it.

"We will wonders cease?" or who shall define limits to the production of mental and physical energy and power? Here, we are to have opposite our eyes a kind of Siamese twin of the human frame, which, as though architected by the fairies of Prometheus, is to perform the functions of a living artist, and as one of music and the Trumpet, is that most difficult of instruments, the Trumpet."

Saturday Evening Post.

Edited by
G. R. GRAHAM & J. R. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1836.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

[illegible]

LITERATURE AND ART.

MR. MOORE'S ALCIPHRON.

We make the following beautiful extracts from Moore's new poem Alciphron, the original of that gorgeous tale the Epicurean. As every body will read it, and soon individually possess it, we need not say any thing further upon the occasion. The author besides, is in well known and so favorably—his literary character so hardly established—that, perhaps it is unnecessary, we have not put hand, but we presume, (if the proprietor wishes to realize a fortune) she will be one of our ever-crowded concerts. It is understood that Paganini, to whom it was shown, expressed himself highly delighted with it.

"We will wonders cease?" or who shall define limits to the production of mental and physical energy and power? Here, we are to have opposite our eyes a kind of Siamese twin of the human frame, which, as though architected by the fairies of Prometheus, is to perform the functions of a living artist, and as one of music and the Trumpet, is that most difficult of instruments, the Trumpet."

THE LETTER.

"Some circumstances have occurred with this new edition, as well as with the poems subjoined to the narrative, soon to require from me a few preliminary words. The idea of calling in the aid of imaginary letters, to illustrate the course of the scenes of the following story, was first suggested by the late Mr. Macaulay, on whose general talents and unbounded powers of pleasing all who knew him still bear ready and cordial testimony. His original wish had been that I should undertake the whole work—new poem, story, &c. to be thus embodied by the artist. But other tasks and ties having rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable, he proposed to purchase of me the copyright of the Epicurean, for a single 'illustrated' edition; and hence the appearance of the work under its present new emplore and form.

"The work which remains to be said respecting the poems which occupy a portion of this volume; and which, with the second edition of the Epicurean, will complete the collection of the prose narrative, are here, for the first time, published. My original plan, in connection with that of the Epicurean, was to write it all in verse, and I do not, to this day, see why scenes, of letters from the different personages. But the great difficulty of managing, in rhyme, the ordinary details of a story, so as to be clear without becoming prosaic, and, still more, the difficulty of length to which I saw narration in verse would be likely to run, deterred me from pursuing the plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew, in its present shape. Whether I was wrong or right, in this change, my readers have now an opportunity of judging for themselves.

"In the Letters of Alciphron will be found, heightened only by a freer use of poetic coloring, the same details of events, feelings, and character, which occupy the earlier part of the prose narrative. But the Letter of the hypocritical High Priest, whatever else may be its claim to attention, will be found, both in matter and form, new to the reader.

THOMAS MOORE."

Now follows professedly the most moral portion of the volume, the epistle from Croton, High Priest of Memphis, to Decius, the practorian prefect, described above.

"Among my first duties, on—the youthful Chief of that right fleet which meets at all holed.

INQUEST.—Service of Plate.—Biel Patterson, Esq. of Pottsville, Pa. the proprietor of the Anthracite Furnace, has been presented with a service of plate made from the new iron of the furnace in that borough. It was cast by Messrs. Tasney & Co. Anthracite Founders of Philadelphia.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—A burglar of the name of Anderson has been arrested near Greenbush, opposite Albany, in an old barn, which he had selected as the scene of the night on a depository for his plunder. The officers " removed his depositors."

The Island of Barbadoes contains a population of about 150,000, of which 40,000 are whites and 50,000 blacks.

MAMMOTH PUMPKIN.—S. G. Allen, Esq. of Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa. raised a pumpkin this season which weighs two hundred and thirteen pounds, and measures six feet in circumference! In addition to this specimen of an apple tree limb, eighteen inches in length, which contains forty-six beautiful apples!

EXHAUSTLESS SUPPLY OF NATIVE IRON.—The east of a railroad from the iron Mountain (Mo.) to St. Louis (150 miles) is estimated at 75 millions of dollars.

The Iron Mountain itself is represented to be about 400 feet in height, and three miles in length, literally covered with bright shining ore, having every appearance of metal which has been fused. Specimens of the mountain ore are to be seen in pieces of a pound weight and upward, but as you ascend to the spot the pieces increase in size, some of which are of a ton weight, and the appearance of huge rocks, and these immense masses are of a quality superior to say thing of the kind heretofore known."

MAMMOTH BEETS.—The Village Record says: The largest beet we ever beheld was brought to the Record office a few days ago, by Mr. Cornelius Jones, of Westtown. It was two feet long by 30 inches in circumference, and weighed 22 pounds without the top! Mr. C. has another which is only one pound short of the one brought to the office. Of all sections of country, that in the south end of Chester county, seems to bring forth the most astonishing yield."

NEW PAPER.—Stephen D. Mackintosh, Esq. has founded a newspaper at our antipodes, at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, (the Standard and Gazette) and edited with such signal ability, that it became known to America, and came to St. Louis, Missouri, to establish a paper. He will, we learn from the Mail, be passed through here, be free of party politics, and from our knowledge of his tact, quaint humor and originality, we may predict for him complete success.

FIRE.—The Detroit papers state that delicious fish are caught in great abundance in that vicinity.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In Boston, at the recent election, there were were ten split tickets. Each party, by a little arithmetic figures, given a candidate for Governor a small majority. Nothing definite will probably be known until the publication of official returns.

MICHIGAN ELECTION.—Judge Woodbridge, the whig candidate for Governor of Michigan, has been elected by 1466 majority. Last year Mason's (dem.) majority was 165. To the Senate there have been elected 8 whigs, 2 dems. to the House, 33 whigs, 13 dem.

HON. J. C. CALHOUN.—The Mobile Advertiser states that Hon. J. C. Calhoun was about to visit Alabama, where his political friends were preparing a welcome for him.

GEORGIA.—The inauguration of the Governor of Georgia, Judge McDonald, took place at Milledgeville, on the 6th inst. in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.

GEN. SCOTT.—The *New York Americ*an, says he had ordered a whig gun to be come out yesterday in favor of General Scott, as a candidate for the Presidency, in preference to Mr. Clay. That gun, however, was unavailable.

SCOTT AGAIN.—General Scott has been nominated for the Presidency, by the Whigs of Allegheny county, New York.

The Whig majority in New York, as officially declared, is 4360.

Naval and Military Affairs.

THE NAVAL LYCEUM at the Brooklyn Navy Yard now comprises a valuable library of 9500 volumes, and a museum of curiosities from every quarter of the world. There is also a collection of portraits of the Presidents of the United States and of our naval heroes.

THE U. S. SHIP VANDALIA, has arrived at Boston from the Mediterranean. She has been out two years. During the whole of that period, she has been in active service in the West Indies. During this long cruise, says a correspondent of the Norfolk Beacon " time has worked and mutations among the officers and men. Not a solitary officer of the old crew was ever given up the ship;" James Brooke, Esq. late Purser, alone clung to her up to the moment of her departure from Pensacola—and he was transferred to the Navy Yard at Boston, he and Purser White having been peremptorily by the Department to exchange situations.

This vessel was built at Philadelphia. On her arrival, on Monday, and after she had anchored, Purser Post, Capt. Scott hastened on board a messenger ashore to the Mayor, announcing his desire to salute the town; and receiving from that officer, an assurance that it should be returned, a salute was accordingly fired by the Vandalia, which was returned yesterday, at 11 o'clock, by the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.

SHIPS OF WAR.—On the 3d inst. the Erie and Boston ships of War went down from Pensacola, and the Macedonian and the French frigate La Ghire the day after. The Ontario was left on the coast of Florida.

NAVAL.—A detachment of 30 U. S. seamen, under the command of Lieut. Hunter, arrived at Baltimore from Norfolk, on Thursday. The Flirt is to be fitted out as a packet boat, and will do much to give great credit to the skill and reputation of ship builders. She will, as soon as she is ready, be commanded by Lieut. McLaughlin, and will sail for the Florida coast, where she is to be employed during the winter in aiding the United States troops in that quarter.

Personal Items.

MADAM ROSS is endeavoring to get up a theatrical fund, for the benefit of decayed actors.

MR. CHASE.—The Detroit Free Press states that Hon. Lewis E. Crary, member of Congress, from Michigan, lies seriously ill at his residence in Marshall.

MR. MR. PIERPONT, of Boston, has been reelected to the Hollis Street Church.

RECOMMENDABLE.—The private property of Mr. Girard, the President of the Erie Bank, has been seized by law, for the redemption of all debts and demands against the institution.

REV. MR. BAILEY, a Presbyterian clergyman of Maryland, has determined to locate in Texas.

JAMES ARMEAD, JR. Esq. has been elected President of the Germantown Lyceum.

AMBROSE VIGUCCI is sojourning at the Tremont House, Boston.

DEATH AT A PRAYER MEETING.—Mary Ann Howard fell from her chair while attending a prayer meeting, in New York, on Friday evening, and instantly expired. She was sitting quietly, and apparently in good health—verdict by coroner's jury.

MR. WALLACK, after losing $6000, has been compelled to close the National Theatre, N. Y.

Mr. Mackenzie has issued another number of his Gazette.

Financial Records.

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.—This institution has sent a detailed statement of its affairs to the Auditor General, at Harrisburg. It would, as we have, have been sent before, but that it could not be made out so rapidly and promptly as some desired. The statement has not yet reached Philadelphia, but is said to be highly favorable. We shall publish it at length in our next.

SPECIE COMING.—The ship Ashfield which arrived at this port on Saturday last, 16th inst. had on board one hundred thousand dollars in specie for the Bank of the United States. We like to chronicle such imports.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.—It is confidently predicted, that the Banks of this city will resume specie payments on the 7th of January next, on which day the ninety days allowed them by law, will expire.

NEW CHARTER.—The Mobile Advertiser of the 6th says that the Mobile Bank, with $500,000 in specie, has a circulation of only $80,000.

A NEW BANK.—The project of establishing a Hamilton Bank at Baltimore, has been abandoned for the present.

THE BANK OF PENSACOLA has suspended specie payments.

TEXAN LOAN.—The *New Orleans Bulletin* states that the Texas loan of $5,000,000 has been negotiated in England, at 6 per cent. interest per annum, payable annually, and redeemable in thirty years.

STATE OF MARYLAND vs. SHINPLASTERS.—A suit was brought, at Baltimore, against Manlius Perine, treasurer of the Western Mechanics' Savings Institution, for issuing small notes of a less denomination than five dollars. It is the intention of the Attorney General of the State, if the judgment of the Court sustains the State in the prosecution, to indict Perine, forthwith, against every bank, banking institution and person who violating a statute of the State in such case made and provided. The object of this is an attempt nothing to put Baltimore $1 shinplasters afloat in this city. Beware of them.

MONEY AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK.—The *New York Money Market* is somewhat easier—for several days past. Holders of notes of the Banks, says the Express, we have at length an appearance of a change. The Exchange being in favor of the country, our banks are no longer drained of specie, and they are relieved from all fears of any heavy drafts on them. They consequently begin to discount more freely.

RICHMOND.—The Richmond Compiler says: The times are tight but free from panic. Money is scarce, and the Banks discount with caution. Exchange on New York is difficult to obtain at all, and occasions our greatest concern of embarrassment.

CANADA RESCRIPTION.—The Banks of Upper Canada have resumed specie payments under an act of the Legislature, which authorizes them to pay out English silver at the rate of 4s. 4d. per ounce. The measure was adopted, we are told, for the purpose of preventing the Banks from being called on for specie, and to keep the coin at home.

THE WESTERN BANK.—There are forty-two Safety Fund Banks and two branches, located west of Albany. Statements from all but seven of these were furnished to the Bank Commissioners at Auburn, during the last week. Their condition, as compared with the first of January last, is as follows:

	Capital Loans & disc't	Circul'n	Specie
37 Banks	7,640,000	14,104,934	4,630,593
Jan. 1st, 1838.	7,640,000	14,043,836	4,943,194

It is known that the circulation of the River and city banks has decreased in a still greater proportion.

BANK CHARTERS IN OHIO.—The following table in relation the periods at which the charters of the various banks of Ohio will expire, is not without interest.

Bks.	Com.	1843	Zanesville	1843
Marietta	43		Franklin Cincinnati	43
Chillicothe	43		Wooster	50
Steubenville	43		do. German	43
Washington	43		Massillon	55
West Union	43		Xenia	56
Far. & Mec. Cincin-			New Lisbon	43
nati	43		Lafayette Cincinnati	43
Far. & Mec. Steuben-			Circleville	55
ville	43		Sandusky	50
Scioto	43		Clinton, Columbus	50
Canton	43		Ohio Life & Trust	
Gallipolis	43		Co.	perpetual
Circleville	43		Granville	50
Little Miami Canal			Dayton	43
Bank	43		Lancaster	43
Urbana	43		Franklin, Columbus	43
St. Clairsville	43		Lake Erie	43
Geauga	44		Cleveland	54
Cincinnati Commer-			Mount Pleasant	43
cial Bank	44		Hamilton	43
Norwalk	50			

The Ohio Life and Trust Company will be subject to legislation, we believe, in 1843.

A TOUCHER.—Specie, says the New York Journal of Commerce, " comes faster and faster, and is less and less desired by our banks. Twenty thousand dollars was offered one of them in exchange for small notes. The specie was shown him the head, and, not to be rude, opened his vault door and showed his heap, saying, ' there is more where that came from.'"

CINCINNATI BANKS.—The banks of Cincinnati, receive and pay out at par, the notes of Indiana, and Kentucky banks, which they previously refused altogether, or received at a discount. The Cincinnati Gazette of the 12th has the following:

The resumption of specie payments by our banks has not only been attended with no run upon them. It is looked upon, as it really is, as a matter of necessity, and has been entirely without effect upon our money market.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.—*Frederick County Herald, Md.*—A sheet is sliced to 16's. The genuine 1's have for a Vignette—figure of a female kneeling, with a sickle in one hand, and a *sheaf of wheat* in the other. The spurious 1's have the same, and by a slight examination can be easily detected.

Bank of Pittsburgh, at Pittsburgh, Pa.—20's spurious—Date C. dated Jany. 1, 1839, (other various dates, and payable to different persons.) payable to E. Woods. They have for a vignette, a female leaning on a horn filled with fruit. The genuine 20's have for a vignette a blacksmith seated on an anvil, surrounded by his implements of trade.

Bank of Pittsburgh, and Bank of Lake Erie, Cleveland, O.—10's spurious—vignette—Genius of Liberty reclining on the arms of Ohio. Leonard Case, President, T. P. Handy, Cashier.

Butchers, and Drovers, Bank, New York.—20's altered from 2's. In the true twenty dollar bills, the words " the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank" are in capitals in a semi-circle on the head of the bill, and the vignette representing cattle, is on the left hand margin; whereas in threes, altered, the words " Butchers' and Drovers' Bank" are in a straight line in the centre of the bill, and the vignette representing cattle is on the head of the bill.

City Bank, New York.—5's let B h (in Geneva Text) payable to E. Hall, dated Oct. 1, 1839, signed G. A. Worth, cashier, and Daniel Wright, President. Vignette, two steamboats —on the right margin, Lafayette, &c. on the left, medallion head of Dewitt Clinton. Paper white and thin, and whole appearance faint and bad.

Purport to be engraved by Draper, Underwood, Bald & Spencer.

Planter's Bank of New Orleans, at N. Orleans.—No such Bank in existence.—*Reporter.*

WASHINGTON BANKING COMPANY.—The failure of the Washington, Troy, New York—one of the institutions organized under the general banking law—was upon a note for $12,000 given to the W. & A. Trust and Banking Company, in payment for $25,000 Arkansas stock, which had been deposited with the late Comptroller, Mr. Flagg, as security for the issues of the Washington Bank.

The News, published at St. Augustine says. " It is a matter of gratulation to ourselves, as well as evidence of the skilful management of the interests of the Southern Life & Trust Company, that amid the almost general suspension of specie payment, it is enabled to meet all of its issues by a prompt redemption.

GEORGIA BANKS.—Gov. Gilmore, of Geo. has given a part of his opening message to the Legislature, to the Banking Institutions. In regard to the suspension, he says that " if permitted to go unnoticed, by the Legislature, it will tend to produce an insecurity and vacillation in bank issues and credit, effecting most injuriously the relation of debtor and creditor, and the general wealth and prosperity of the community. The conduct of many of the banks, he thinks, shows the slight control which the obligation to their charters imposes upon them over them, and the probability that they will use the opportunity which the suspension gives them, of making profit from it, unless restrained by efficient laws.

It is believed that the Great Western did not take out one thousand dollars in specie, on Saturday last.

RHODE ISLAND.—The New York American says, that about one-half of the banks in Providence, have determined to resume specie payments provided that a majority of all the banks in the city will join them.

BOSTON MONEY MATTERS.—The Boston Advertiser says, money continues scarce and high in the street. It should be remarked to the credit of the banks, that they are constantly discounting for their regular customers to the extent of their available means, so far as if their own safety will allow. This circumstance, that an immense amount of relief is in this way afforded to the mercantile community generally, and it is the call derived from this source, which enables the merchants of this city to meet their engagements promptly, in the midst of so much depressure and perplexity of money affairs. What is done in the streets is at the highest rate which money lenders can obtain. The direct tendency which the present situation of money and derangement of exchanges has to close up business, is too generally known to require comment.

NEW BANK.—An institution has been organized at Buffalo under the general banking law, having for its name—" The Western Agency Bank," E. G. Spalding"and others associates. At a meeting of the directors held N ovember 8th, E. G. Spalding, Esq. was elected Cashier and John R. Lee, cashier. The institution goes into operation immediately.

SPECIE.—The *Pittsburgh Gazette* says: " We have the best authority for asserting that the whole reduction [of specie in the vaults of the Bank,] in near six weeks, is about *eleven thousand dollars*. Two weeks ago, the reduction was *double over fourteen thousand*; but since then, the amount of specie has been gradually increasing."

INDIAN NEWS.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.—We gather the following from the Charleston Courier of Monday last:

St. Augustine, Nov. 8.

On Sunday last, the 3d November, a baggage wagon, with an escort of seven men, proceeding from Fort Micanopy to Fort Wheelock, was fired upon by a party of 50 Indians, killing 2 swoles, 1 horse, and wounding 2 others. The teamster was mortally wounded, and a private named Benson, was very severely wounded. The firing being heard at Fort Micanopy, a relief was sent out, but before they came up in the ground, the Indians had made off, leaving the baggage wagon of tents, powder, provisions, &c. and made their escape.

We learn by the arrival of the schr. Medium, Captain Magee, from Key Biscayne, that the wounded Indian, who some time since sent into Fort Lauderdale for medical assistance, has in the meantime died. Chilili, the Seminolean has placed the women and children in the Palmhoke, or grass water, for security; and that he is prepared for a vigorous defence of himself and followers. On the accession of troops, sufficiently strong to reinforce those now South, the attack will be taken them to Cascochee's ground of defence.

Commander Mayo, of the U. States steamer Poinsett, has gone into the everglades, with 50 men.

FLORIDA.—Four Indians came into Tampa on the 26th ult. with white feathers in their turbans, as a symbol of peace, for the purpose of saying that they had been attacked unawares. They were immediately confined in the block house, as prisoners. One of them, it is believed, fired the evening before at an express rider, about twenty miles from the post, but missed him.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

BRITISH NATIONAL DEBT.—Blackwood's Magazine states, that the Tory Government, in the space of fifteen years after the Battle of Waterloo, had paid off eight millions sterling of the debt, reducing it from 861 millions to 783 millions. And that the Whig Government has increased the debt a million a year during the past three years of its existence. The writer sarpkisses that the change in the Post Office Law will produce a further deficit of one million a year, so that, should the Tories succeed, the debt will be two millions sterling.

It is stated that if the taxes had been kept up to the standard of 1815, there would now have been paid off 600 millions of the debt: nearly one half.

By a statistical table in the same article we perceive, that the population of Great Britain and Ireland has increased in 24 years, from 19 to 27 millions.

BRITISH DUTIES ON BREAD STUFFS.—The following table, copied from Hunt's British Merchant, and shewing the rate of duty imposed in England on foreign wheat and flour, possesses interest at his time:

Wasserer the average price of British Wheat shall per bar qr. Duty per qr.

	s.	£.	s.	d.	Duty per bbl. flour £. s. d.
at 40	3	0	8		1 0 04
50	16	1	0		1 0 04
60	1	6	8		16 04
65	1	1	8		13 04
66	1	0	8		12 04
67	19	1			11 02
68	18	8			10 04
69	13	8			8 02
70	10	0			7 04
71	7	8			6 04
72	5	0			4 04
73	2	8			3 04

at and above 73

Wheat, the produce of Canada or the British possessions, is 5s. per quarter duty when the average price of British wheat is under 67s. at over that price the duty is 6d. the quarter or eight bushels.

A LOW TIMER.—It is stated in a Paris paper that Van Amburg had named the low price of a present to the Emperor, in four days. The story runs that the laws of this country forbid the President to receive presents from a royal cotemporary, the national was sold, and was taken in all his natives ferocity to Paris, and introduced to Van Amburg for the first time. That intrepid individual having determined publicly to enter the cage, the professional public were very much alarmed and insisted upon a previous experiment, so as to be satisfied that no damage would result from the attempt. An experiment that on the public exhibition he was astonishingly successful, and two thousand spectators, who witnessed it, were raised to an inferior pitch of anxiety and terror, only to be succeeded by admiration at the boldness and courage of the feat.

FROM MONTEVIDEO.—The Boston Courier of Friday last says: Captain Read of the brig Bostonian, arrived last evening from Montevideo, states that the country remained in the same disordered state as heretofore. Rosas had ordered Lavalle troops, encamped at a short distance from the Entre Rios troops, and watching their movements. Several small parties had attempted to depose Rivera, but had been dispersed by the troops of the government. The French squadron was taking in three months provision, in readiness for the blockade. Nothing looked, at that time, as if the war would be terminated. It was stated that they intended to land 1000 troops to garrison that city.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Published every Saturday, by
DUNLAP & CLARKE.

At the Corner of Carter's Alley,
No. 34 Carter's Alley,

Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank

TERMS.—$2 00 in advance, or at the end of the year.
$2 50, if not so advanced.
$3 00, for six months.

Payable in Philadelphia, without discount or charge for postage. Subscriptions at the option of the publishers for a whole number or for six months.

ERRATUM.—In our last number, we gave place to an article by J. P. Caldwell, Esq. on the above head, which should be remarked to the credit of the banks, that they are constantly discounting for their regular customers to the extent of their available means, so far as if their own safety will allow. This circumstance, that an immense amount of relief is in this way afforded to the mercantile community generally, and it is the call derived from this source, which enables the merchants of this city to meet their engagements promptly, in the midst of so much depressure and perplexity of money affairs. What is done in the streets is at the highest rate which money lenders can obtain. The direct tendency which the present situation of money and derangement of exchanges has to close up business, is too generally known to require comment.

SHORT AND SWEET.—We hope that our subscriber will excuse us, but his letter is so good in example, that we cannot help giving it to believe our readers:

Vincennes, In. 6th Nov. 1838.

$3 for Sat. Eve. Post for Jan.

Cr. LEJ. WATSON.

Reader! " Go thou and do likewise."

☞ Our thanks are due D. A. BUCKLEY, Esq. of Jacksonville, Illinois, for the prompt and efficient manner in which he is performing the duties of an agent.

INFORMATION WANTED of H. Wright, A. J. McCall, L. Abbott, of Hamilton College, N. J. each due subscriptions to this office. We are desirous that hereafter all defaulters shall be exposed.

Of Wm. Bull, late of Warrington, Ohio.
Of A. Lechler, late of Lancaster Pa.

☞ Mr. GEORGE TAYLER, whom we noticed some weeks since, as indebted to us, has called on us, and states that he left Bloomsbury, New Jersey, a year since, and notified the Post Master of the change of residence, which was neglected. We are happy to say that he called, paid for the paper, and entered his name for the year.

We regret that the mistake should have occured, but we are determined in every instance, to make a change when the reasons for such circumstances warrant it. If we do wrong to any, we shall, as in the case of Mr. Taylor, make the correction.

☞ F. M. CAPPERHART, of Morrisonboro', N. C. is no longer the agent of this paper, or of the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine,—and subscribers at either at that, or any other place, are requested not to pay any money to him on our account.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 21, 1838.

Remarks.—Business during the past week has been very thin week. Dealers continue to purchase sparingly, and the stock of goods on hand at almost all kinds is very light. There has been a considerable improvement in the sales of Cotton, for very limited operations of the few past months will induce a belief that at a slight advance sales will be worked through, and money once more be at reasonable rates.

The reduction in Quercitron reach to about 150 bbls. at $66 a ton, at which price we quote the market bare; and no disposition on the part of buyers to operate on it. Sales have been made of Spanish Oak at $15, and of Peach at $9.

Coffee.—The operations in Coffee during the past week, have been limited and confined to small lots. Among them we notice 100 bags St. Jago at 10a11c. and 700 of do. parcels, at 11¼a11¾c. generally however at 11½a11¾c.

Flour and Meal.—Considering the light stock on hand, the sales of flour and meal have been active and to fair extent. They amount to near 2000 barrels, almost all of which have been taken for export. The price has been chiefly $6.25, but for a small parcel part of the week a few hundred barrels commanded $6.37½, and a small lot, sold on high wharfage, $6.50. Meal remains at considerably gave way to $6.25 at which price it less since ruled, and we quote it as offered at that price. The light stock on hand is chiefly caused by the low state of the water preventing the arrival of supplies.

Considerable sales of Corn Meal have been made at 64 in barrels, at which price it is still sold. In bbls we quote the price at $17.

Grain.—The market has been light during the past week. Corn has still further declined in price, and sales of old Yellow have been made at 66 a 67c, and of White at 68c. Near commands 58c. In Rye nothing is doing; it is held nominally at 70c. Sales of Oats at 31 a 32c. Wheat is coming in slowly, and sales of Southern are made at $1.19 a 1.21, and of Pennsylvania on the Canal at $1.15 a 1.17. Flaxseed is held at $1.12½.

Hemp.—Continues dull and the transactions in all kinds are very limited. We note a small sale of Italian at $210.

Molasses.—The transactions are heavier than they have been for some past, though still limited. We hear of sales of 150 bbls Trinidad at 31 a 32c, and of 50 hhds. Cuba at 36c.

Naval Stores.—Continue without any change, and demand is but limited, though prices remain unchanged.

Oils.—We have no change to note in either price or demand since our last.

Provisions.—The stock in which reduced and operations limited. We quote for a good article of Mess Pork at $16, and of Prime $15, as a declining market. Lard is dull at 9½a10c. Hams 9 a 10½, Shoulders 6¾ a 7, Sides 7 a 8.

Rice.—Small sales at 4 a 4½, according to quality.

Sugars.—There is good demand for a fair article, the stock in this market being confined almost entirely to common qualities. We note sales of 500 boxes Cuba Brown at 8 a 8¾, 100 hhds and 300 bbls common do. at 8¾ a 9, 60 bbls a few bbds Porto Rico inferior at 8¾.

Tobacco.—Operations are limited and without any change in prices.

Whiskey.—Sales of 200 bbls Ohio at 25c.

*Wool

Jim's yet mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball to its place, and carefully lowered some pumping lever into the pit, "that's a quick time by three days what been kept your in and your out with red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, Doctor; you need'nt tell anybody—the Mormons keep up well keep up till all luckily gone to heaven."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, for the dark thickened rapidly as the sun sank to his rest. The old hunter refreshing himself in mental soliloquy, that the Doctor was a "right nice kind sort of a man," and wondering he was nice and young Yankee," rode briskly along the path. He had proceeded about four or five miles further on its way, when he perceived, more than the track which he had observed, turned aside, toward a little point of woods, that put out into the prairie. "So, so," said he, "that mouth has been out among the deer to-day; I was in hopes 'twas some one going up to the head-waters," and he kept his eye fixed on the road, when suddenly the light reflected from a fire was heard reverberating through the night, over the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, and, with a deep groan, expired.

Thus, one while the perfidy of the Mormons was discovered, the figure of a man stole out from the shadow of the trees, and cautiously approached the place where the fire was still burning. Having reached the spot, and satisfied himself that his associates in this particular, by his cowardice, were relieved, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the murdered.

"Damnation!" muttered he to himself, when a further search was fruitless, "the old cuss—he's been here before, and carried away other silk; and I've got a feather through his head for nothing—I'm sure I heard him say, in Brewer's tavern, that he was gettin' rich by the silk trade, and the grey-headed scoundrel has been off with it to his camp, for a month back, before a whole company of Kentuck' sportsmen could have run through to the fair business. He may thank his stars I'm short of powder, but this powder-horn will make some smoke," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the articles he spoke of from the bosom where it had been lying for years.

"What the devil have we here?" said he again, as in stepping from the body, he struck his foot against the flat case of wood, which, as we had dropped "in, in," mattered he, in a stunning tone, as he discharged it in the air—"he, he, if worst come to worst, they'll think this piece went off by accident—I'll not lose the last there's no danger—it will never before daylight, and cover the trail; and the prairie wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, nearly at right angles with the path along which the unfortunate traveller had been travelling.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

In view of the pecuniary difficulties which now interfere with the general prosperity, it will be gratifying to those who think that a large portion of these difficulties are occasioned by our purchasing too much and producing too little, to perceive any thing that will put a fair check upon the evil. The immense foreign debt against us it is of importance to meet in some other way than by the payment of it in specie. Every country is capable of yielding that which will furnish a ready mode of liquidating this foreign balance, should not the attempt be made to render so important an object?

Thoroughly convinced that this object can and ought to be accomplished by means of the cultivation of Silk, the Culturist proposes to call the attention of the public to the climate and soil of large portions of the country are proved to be every way suited, a cultivating was recently called for the purpose of taking the subject into more earnest consideration. This meeting, composed of a large number of our most respectable and enterprising citizens, determines establish that "a position which the city of Philadelphia occupies, as a metropolis embracing a vast amount of capital and enterprise, calls for the adoption of such measures by the part of her citizens who are interested in the Silk business, as will place her in a position of the most commanding influence in the future of this vast and growing interest." The meeting was further of opinion that "the silk business has been established more firmly in our country than the public have have any knowledge of, and that a national society would greatly extend this knowledge, and produce correspondingly the benefits of profitableness." A society was thereupon projected, and after several meetings its organization has been completed under the title of the "National Association for the Promotion of the Silk Culture in the United States." Among the objects which it proposes, is to establish a mart for the purchase of cocoons, and the sale of reeled silk of American growth, with a view to an extensive public exhibition; the memorialising of Congress; the dissemination of useful information by means of literary publications and such other matters as may legitimately come within the power of such an association. The members pay six dollars annually for the purpose of creating a fund for the prosecution of its interests, and already nearly two hundred names have been enrolled upon its list, and large accessions are made at each of its weekly meetings.

Aware that much would depend upon the character, ability and public spirit of those who may preside over and direct its proceedings, it was a matter of anxiety, to filling the office of President, to secure to the co-operation of one who should combine in his own person all those essential qualities." This object the Association has most fortunate enough to secure in the selection of Nicholas Biddle, Esq. who, in consenting to preside over the deliberations of the Association, observed "in an occasion of the deliberations conferred by this appointment, and regret only that I shall be so little able to realize the expectations of the Association. At the same time I am anxious to contribute by say means in my power to the encouragement of our own national industry, that I shall relinquish no effort by which I may be useful." The discerning mind of this distinguished citizen, in patiently examining his estimation of the true character of the silk culture, has long since seen the views promulgated by Benjamin Franklin in 1770, and more recently by Ex-President Adams, Mr. Strickland, and others, who Congress have recorded their convictions of the perfect adaptation, of our soil and climate, which, by the latter gentleman, was, in the year 1828, the subject of the examination appointed by Congress to investigate the subject, declared to be fully equal to the best portions of China for the production of silk. The climate of the latter country is proclaimed superior silk, at a cost which will realise a better profit than any other crop that can be put into the ground, but has simply suffered from the scarcity all who have taken the trouble to examine for themselves; and seeking appears to be now arising but a proper spirit of enterprise and liberal encouragement to effect the speedy and permanent establishment of this important branch of national industry.

The facility with which the silk produce enables the French nation to levy upon sister countries, has placed her, during the present commercial embarrassment, in a position whose abundant supplies of the precious metals, in a position where our own country ought now have been secured the establishment of, had the advice and example of Franklin been followed. What this was, we find stated in M'Mahon's American Gardener, published in this city so long ago as 1806. From page 591 we copy this: "Silk has been raised and manufactured into most excellent fabrics under the direction of that great and venerable patriot and friend to mankind, Dr. Benjamin Franklin. That so useful a pursuit should be suffered to die away, in a country as well adapted for it as any in the universe, is an extraordinary as it is unfortunate, and injurious to the real interest of the nation."

Too long has the nation neglected the advantages to be reaped from this source of wealth. Too long has it been content to fall of the culture of silk, still, it is hoped, succeed in awakening the country to a sense of its importance and importance. Already has the Legislature of Pennsylvania, the birth of whose American flag, emblazoned under his own personal direction, was first unfurled to the breeze of heaven, in the city of Philadelphia, passed a law, declared a premium of fifty dollars to be awarded by the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, for every hundred pounds of cocoons an acre of talent and intelligence as well as public spirit, from whose labors much may be expected.

The Association will meet again this evening at Evans's, in George street above Sixth, at 7½ o'clock, when all who feel an interest in the matter are invited to attend.

ON KEEPING SILK WORM EGGS.

Immense quantities of silk worm eggs have been lost this season by premature hatching. In the spring, when the mulberry leaves appear, they are brought from France, and that had been imported from France, and that had been kept since their arrival in this country in a refrigerator, at a temperature of forty-five degrees, all hatched when the leaves was any out. Many leaves to feed the worms with, and they were of course all lost. The worms were caused much loss to those who had kept their eggs in the usual way. Thermometers, however, were not to be had, and the eggs hatched prematurely. They will prove by example what almost every body has known, that the natural heat from person is sufficient to hatch silk worm eggs perfectly well. That is quite plain, from the time they are laid, till they are wanted for hatching; and that any temperature between that and summer heat will answer equally well, and will only start the growth of the embryo, and insure the premature hatching of the eggs. Again and again has the following simple method been recommended for this subject. The object of this paper now is to give a few hints that may be useful in securing eggs for another season.

Any person can keep imported eggs he deposited for anything more than raising a few worms, for a future supply of eggs; because during the passage they are necessarily exposed to a warm temperature, and if they arrive safe, will certainly hatch soon afterward; in which event but few can be saved, unless they happen to arrive after the leaves are gone, which is more than can be expected, as the warm weather would hatch them on the passage. It is probable that if they were kept and protected in the fall, and immediately placed in an ice-house and kept there steadily till wanted for hatching, they might be kept till the middle if May, in this latitude, but not longer. Thousands of persons have now learned from experience, that sickness eggs hatch as readily in an ice-house as any where else, if they have at any time previously been exposed to a warm temperature.

It is earnestly recommended that all persons who are fortunate enough to have cocoons, now select from the first formed cocoons a sufficient number to produce as many eggs as they may want for next year's use, and when reeled, after four days after the eggs are laid, place them securely in a very cold, dry cellar, or an ice-house, and there keep them perfectly still wanted for hatching next season: they may then take them out in such portions as they wish for successive crops during the season. Those kept in a cellar, should be kept during the fall, and not put in an ice-house before the 1st of February, or they cannot be kept from hatching in May.

Eggs that have been carried about the country during winter, cannot be kept from hatching during the warm weather, the latter part of April and in May. Persons in possession of eggs, under such circumstances, should be prepared to feed the worms by the 1st of May, at the latest, in the latitude of Baltimore.

The French and Italians scrape the eggs from the cloth or paper on which the insect has deposited them, before exposing them to hatch. Instead of this, many of those here, in the first instance of needs, from the time they are laid till next season, and most of the eggs that are imported into the country are put up in boxes, like so many cabbage seed. Notwithstanding the high authority from which this practice emanates, we are well convinced of its impropriety. The close confinement of the seed naturally excites one, we should naturally conclude, even without experience, would generate heat, foul air, and finally cause the death of the whole. And that it has this effect, is abundantly proved by numerous instances where they have been imported in this way, and on opening the boxes, the putrefying mass of eggs was extremely offensive, the eggs being all dead. Another objection is found in the difficulty of hatching the worms from these same eggs. The little insect, when he gets his head and fore-legs out of the shell, reaches its claws about, and seizes hold of the paper or cloth on which the shell may speedily push himself out of the shell; but if the egg be not fastened to the paper, he cannot thus pull himself out, but pulls the shell along. In this way we have seen a little worm working and struggling for an hour, and very often perish at last. It is not uncommon for worms to perish in the shell, (after they are worm-eat-all) for as soon as their first pair of teeth touch any external object, they push themselves about, with the shell covering their head and the front part of the body. When the eggs are laid glued upon the paper, as is the custom in this country, they are not subject to spontaneous hatch, and are more successfully reared with more certainty; and at the time of bringing them out, some of the worms are laid from difficulty from the above cause.

We subjoin the article referred to.

[From the London Times of September 7th.]

A great association has been created among the manual professors and amateurs of Gotos, by the accomplishment of what they term the great desideratum, the perfect substitution of a celebrated artisan residing in that neighborhood. The details, as given in the journals before us, are furnished by the publishers of Messrs. Barings Brothers, are very interesting, and from which we gather the following:

"It appears that the celebrated Maelzel, during his sojourn in America, for the purpose of exhibiting his Automaton Performer on the Trumpet, and where he amassed great riches—was struck with the idea of a Trumpeting Bird, his prospectus as appendage to his Trumpeter, which would endow it with the faculty of accompanying the human voice, observing the rests, pauses, change of time, cadences, &c. precisely in the manner of a living artist.

"The supreme mind of Maelzel, having conceived the idea, his plans were quickly matured and drawn out, which he immediately forwarded to a watch maker as to expense to his friends, who had previously engaged themselves in the construction of his wonderful Automaton performer.

"It was a task of no ordinary difficulty, but with the certainty of ample remuneration, the ingenious artist set to work, and two years of incessant application, and repeated failures, produced at last a completely successful result, upon which he wrote to Maelzel, who unfortunately about this time died, while on his passage from Havana to Philadelphia, at which place it is believed the effects were sold at auction, and among them the Automaton Trumpeter. Upon hearing this, the artisan addressed his application to the executors of the deceased, and purchased professor lately attached to Drury Lane Theatre, succeeded in obtaining it at a high price, and immediately conducted for the United States, to exhibit the Automaton Trumpeter, with the determination, as we understand, of its being first exhibited in London, at a series of concerts to be given in Exeter Hall. Whether the mechanism is handsomely modified—of which we have not yet heard, but we presume, (if the inspector of cocoons is a fastidious) will be found of our own country, we cannot say. We understand that Paganini, to whom it was shown, expressed himself highly delighted with it."

Saturday Evening Post.

Edited by
G. B. GRAHAM & I. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1837.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. S. C." His article feels like a very good one; if the author will furnish us with a legible manuscript, it will give us much satisfaction to publish it.

"E. F." is quite a novice in the art of making rebuses.

"S. H." We regret to state that the communication he alludes to is mislaid. His has a copy!

"Beauty," *this time*, we do not admire. The writer is very careless, and mars his natural talent by a lack of attention. "Break" and "brake," as a participle of "break" now "broke," are rhyme at all. Besides, the lines are out of measure.

"T." is unintelligible; we like his logic, as well as his eloquence.

"Pliny," writes as if he imitated his great namesake in at least one respect—i. e. in restraining near the ocean.

As we shall be out now very soon in an entirely new, handsome dress, and feel disposed in the spirit of the times to make a considerable more than usual of originality into the Saturday Evening Post, we should really be gratified if our readers would favor us now and then with something *good*, in the way of either Poetry or Prose. Among our thirty thousand subscribers, ear'nesting from *Florida* to the Canadas, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains in the Western Territories, there must be a multitude capable of shining us in this particular, and of relieving us from the "dull care" of the task which is the prominent characteristic of the day.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

We see that a circular has been started on the subject of reducing to the good people of the United States, to petition Congress for a reduction of the rates of postage, and we presume that no sensible man in Congress, will oppose the measure. The fact is, that postage is not only carried as far as to reduce the price upon letters, so that no letter sealed and carried within the limits of the state, shall cost more than ten cents, and that but few shall cost more than two, as is contemplated in the circular, but we hope to see the principle carried further, and that Congress will establish the postage upon pamphlets, magazines and newspapers.

Since Britain, loaded with a heavy National Debt, has set the example, no one can scarcely suppose that serious objections will be offered in our own country, *burdened* as it is with a National Debt, to establish the principle that the genius of our institutions that there should be a tax upon the means of intellectual culture; nor with the spirit of an adventurous and enterprising people, that it should be levied chiefly upon the medium of interchange of sentiment, among mercantile and business men, or of citizens widely remote from each other. We do not advocate a total abandonment of all charge of postage, it would be to convert our mails into stables for the transportation of all sorts of lumber, but the rates should be considerably reduced upon letters, and given up upon papers and magazines altogether, without seriously affecting the stability of the system.

THE WATSON CONCERT.

We attended this Concert at the Museum, on Tuesday night. The audience was a highly fashionable one, and such as did credit to the selection of taste. Watson will triumphed with insensibleness; and in the "Soldier's Tear," with so much feeling, that we beheld several young ladies fairly melted into tears. The Polka sung "The Lords of Creation," with delightful animation, and was encored. The duet of "Matrimonial Happiness" was very many as well now acknowledge ourself the author, was acted as well as sung, by Miss Wells and Mr. Queyle, and enthusiastically applauded. To greatly the audience it was repeated. Mr. Watson's last effort on the *Cornet a Piston*. He extracted more genuine music from the instrument, than we believed it capable of. He is an extremely airy player. Mr. Queyle, was unceasingly fine in Glover's Irish air of "The Hour before the Day." He deserves praise. We must not forget Mr. Hunt, who was good, and the Minstrel of the Shrine, who were the same; if we except Mad. Thrum's execution on the Harp, which was really superb.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

The following, from the Raleigh Standard, is an effectual recipe to accomplish the work to which it alludes:

"[From the Baltimore Times of October 7th.]

A great association has been created among the manual professors and amateurs of Gotos, by the accomplishment of what they term the great desideratum, the perfect substitution of a celebrated artisan residing in that neighborhood. The details, as given in the journals before us, are furnished by the publishers of Messrs. Barings Brothers, are very interesting, and from which we gather the following:

"It appears that the celebrated Maelzel, during his sojourn in America, for the purpose of exhibiting his Automaton Performer on the Trumpet, and where he amassed great riches—was struck with the idea of a Trumpeting Bird, his prospectus as appendage to his Trumpeter, which would endow it with the faculty of accompanying the human voice, observing the rests, pauses, change of time, cadences, &c. precisely in the manner of a living artist.

"The supreme mind of Maelzel, having conceived the idea, his plans were quickly matured and drawn out, which he immediately forwarded to a watch maker as to expense to his friends, who had previously engaged themselves in the construction of his wonderful Automaton performer.

"It was a task of no ordinary difficulty, but with the certainty of ample remuneration, the ingenious artist set to work, and two years of incessant application, and repeated failures, produced at last a completely successful result, upon which he wrote to Maelzel, who unfortunately about this time died, while on his passage from

DUPLICITY.

MR. MOORE'S ALCIPHRON.

We make the following beautiful extracts from Moore's new poem, Alciphron, the original of that gorgeous tale the Epicurean. As every body will read it, and scan individually its merits, we need enter into no elaborate criticism upon the occasion. The author, beside, is so well known and so favorably—his literary character so handsomely established—that the publication or remark of ours could influence the popular sentiment, however just or however pertinent, which might make it. We produce the extracts by the following letter from Moore, in relation to the poem.

THE LETTER.

"Some circumstances have connected this new edition, as well as with the poems subjoined to the narrative, that is to require from me a few explanatory words. The idea of calling in the stage persons of Mr. Turner, to illustrate some of the scenes of the following story, was first suggested by the late Mr. Macrone, on whose general talents and enterprising spirit all who knew him still bear ready and grateful testimony. His original wish had been that I should myself undertake the whole new prose story, to be then embellished by the artist. But other tasks and then having rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable, he proposed to purchase of me the copyright of the Epicurean, for a single 'illustrated' edition; and hence the appearance of the work under its present new aspect and form.

"A few more words remain to be said respecting the poems which occupy a portion of this volume; and which, with the exception of a few fragments of them found scattered through the prose narrative, are here, for the first time, published.

"My original plan, in connecting the story of Alciphron with the Epicurean, was to write it all in verse, and in the form, as will be seen, of letters from the different personages. But the great difficulty of managing, in rhyme, the ordinary details of a story, so as to be clear without becoming prosaic, and, still more, the difficulty length to which I saw narration in verse would be likely to run, deterred me from proceeding that plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew, in its present shape. Whether I was wrong or right, in this change, my readers have now an opportunity of judging for themselves.

"In the Letters of Alciphron will be found, heightened only by a freer use of poetic colouring, precisely the same details of events, feelings and scenery, which occupy the earlier part of the prose narrative. But the Letter of the hypocritical High Priest, whatever else may be its faults, is free from them. It is bond, here a matter and form, new to the reader.

THOMAS MOORE."

Now follows professedly the concluding several portion of the volume, the epistle from Orcus, High Priest of Memphis, to Decius, the Praetorian prefect, described above.

"Supreme, my friend, supreme—the youthful Chief
Of that light fleet which taunts at all belief,
Which, like the Parthian, turns to wound in flight,
Has only to arrive, to put to rout;
Whose arrows, feathered from the wings of wit,
Are pointed with the poison of the pit;
Who, while he seems to shoot at all but hearer aimed
Each shaft as deep as that sly dart they wield,
Which, though it glitters in the light of day,
Drives conscience darkness far off away,—
And leaves the victim, with his heart thus riven,
Substantial eye no anger Private partook,—
Nor let me wise to discover his skill,
Or pleasure's endeavour for its shield to find,
Which, while it wounds, can still be called but play,
And, while it rankles, can be nursed as wit.
Such is the weapon, and such the wielder, who
Now threatens Memphis with his single blow.
Not that the Priesthood, or the Gods, or Kings
Are those he aims at—these are things
Of too much power, too much weight to be
Touched by the trifler's hand of levity;
But 'tis the Priest, the King, the God within
Each human breast, which he would pull down,
Would make the Temple of the heart a shed
Open to every vice that passes by,
Where Lust may enter, and where Love may fly,
Where Conscience, cramped and chill'd by winter's frown,
Can find no altar round which to kneel down,
And Truth, the light that should illume the whole,
Is quenched, like Vesta's lamp, at every soul.
Such is the danger—such the dreadful power
Of this bold Sophist, who, in evil hour,
Hath risen to vex us—and, if not o'erthrown,
Will leave no throne nor altar his own.
Already, see, the Nations, as they pass
Beneath his standard, wear his livery;

INDICTED SENTOR OF PLATE.—Bird Patterson, Esq. of Pottsville, Pa. the proprietor of the Anthracite Furnaces, and a prominent operator in the coal of plate made from the new iron of the furnace in that borough. It was cast by Messrs. Sawyer & Co. Anthracite Founders of Philadelphia.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—A burglar of the most daring description has been arrested near Greenbush, opposite Albany, in an old barn, which he had selected in the neighborhood of the town as a depository for his plunder. The officers "removed his deposites."

The Island of Barbadoes contains a population of about 120,000, of which 60,000 are whites and 60,000 blacks.

MAMMOTH PUMPKIN.—S. G. Allen, Esq. of Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa. raised a pumpkin this season which weight two hundred and thirteen pounds, and measures six feet in circumference. Mr. Allen has but in his possession an apple tree limb, eighteen inches in length, which contains forty-six beautiful apples!

EXHAUSTLESS SUPPLY OF NATIVE IRON.—The mount of a refining from the Iron Mountain (Mo.) to St. Louis (120 miles) is estimated at 5½ millions of dollars.

The Iron Mountain itself is represented to be about 600 feet in height, and three miles in length, entirely covered with bright shining ore, having every appearance of a metal which will yield a very large per centum of iron. The mountain rises in pieces of a pound weight and upward, but as you approach to the spot the pieces increase in size to thousands of tons weight, assuming the appearance of huge rocks, and these immense masses are of a quality superior to any thing of the kind heretofore known.

MAMMOTH BEETS.—The Village Record says: The largest beet we ever beheld was brought to the Record office a few days ago, by Mr. Curtis Jones, of Westfield, Tioga county, Pa. It is 20 inches in circumference, and weighed 22 pounds without the top! Mr. C. has another which is only one pound short of the one brought to the office. Of the latter, Mr. Jones, in the south end of Chester county, seems to bring forth the most astonishing yield."

NEW PAPER.—Stephen D. Mackintosh, Esq. has founded a newspaper at our antipodes, at Honolulu, Fredrick's Islands, (the Sandwich and Gazelle) and edited with such signal ability, has returned home to America, and taken up in St. Louis, Missouri, to establish a paper.

well, we learn from Mr. M. as he passed through here, be free of party politics, and from any knowledge of his kind, genial humor and sociability, we may predict for him complete success.

FISH.—The Detroit papers state that delicious white fish are caught in great abundance in that vicinity.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.—In Boston, at the recent election, there were seven ten split tickets. Each party, by a little manag ment and figuring, gives a candidate for Governor a small majority. Nothing definite will probably be known until the publication of returns.

MICHIGAN ELECTION.—Judge Woodbridge, the whig candidate for Governor of Michigan, has been elected by 1458 majority. Last year Mason's (dem.) majority was 162. To the Senate there have been elected 8 whigs, 2 dems. to the House, 33 whigs, 13 dems.

HON. J. C. CALHOUN.—The Mobile Advertiser states that Hon. J. C. Calhoun was about to visit Alabama, and that his political friends were preparing to welcome him.

GEORGIA.—The inauguration of the Governor of Georgia, Judge McDonald, took place at Milledgeville, on the 6th inst. in the presence of a large and brilliant concourse.

GEN. SCOTT.—The *New York Americus*, an old and influential whig paper, has come out editorially in favor of General Scott, as a candidate for the Presidency, in preference to Mr. Clay. It regards the former as the most available.

SCOTT AGAIN.—General Scott has been nominated for the Presidency, by the Whigs of Mercer county, New York.

The Whig majority in New York, as officially stated, is 6,300.

Naval and Military Affairs.

THE NAVAL LYCEUM at the Brooklyn Navy Yard now comprises a valuable library of 3500 volumes, a Museum of curiosities from every quarter of the world. There is also a collection of portraits of the Presidents of the United States and of our naval heroes.

THE U. S. SHIP VANDALIA, has arrived at Norfolk from Pensacola. She has been absent on a two months' cruise. During the whole of that period, she has been in active service in the West Indies. During the long cruise she had a resident of the Norfolk Beacon "time has worked and mutations among the officers and men. Death has called one and three have gone to join the ship," James Brooke, Esq. late Purser, above clung to her up to the moment of her anchoring. Midshipman Hunter was transferred as Purser of that Yard and ship, he and Purser White having been performed by the Department in exchange since.

The vessel was built at Philadelphia. On her arrival, on Monday, and after she had anchored, a salute of 21 guns was fired, and she had anchored a messenger ashore to the Mayor, announcing his desire to salute the town: and receiving from that officer an assurance that it should be returned, a salute was accordingly fired by the Vandalia, which was returned yesterday, at 12 o'clock, by the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.

WARS OR WAR.—On the 3d inst. the Erie and Michigan left Erie, with a full load of troops, and the Macedonian and the French frigate La Gloire the day after. The Ontario was to leave on the 4th inst. at Pensacola, except the French brig Bonita.

NAVAL.—A detachment of 50 U. S. seamen, landed for the schooner Flirt, arrived at Baltimore from Norfolk, on Thursday. The Flirt is to be employed in the service of the revenue, and the great credit to the skill and reputation of Philip Baldere. She will, as soon as she is ready, be commanded by Lieut. Mc.Laughlan, who will sail for the Florida coast, where she is to be employed during the winter in aiding the United States troops in that quarter.

Personal Items.

MADAM NEALE is endeavoring to get up a theatrical fund, for the benefit of decayed actors.

MR. CLARK.—The Detroit Free Press states that the Hon Isaac E. Crary, member of Congress from Michigan, lies seriously ill at his residence in Marshall.

MR. MR. PIERPONT, of Boston, has been reelected to the Hollis Street Church.

COMMENDABLE.—The private property of Mr. Reed, the President of the Erie Bank, has been pledged by him, for the redemption of all the bank demands against the institution.

REV. MR. BAILEY, a Presbyterian clergyman of Maryland, has determined to locate in Texas.

JAMES ARMEAD, jr. Esq. has been elected President of the Germantown Lyceum.

AMERICA VESPUCCI is sojourning at the Traveres' Bank" as a straight line in the centre of the hill, and the vignette representing cattle on the bank of the hill.

City Bank, New York—It's lat ll b (in German Text) payable to E. Hall, dated Oct. 1 1836, signed G. A. Worth, cashier, and Daniel Wright, President. Vignette, two steamboats under the right margin, Locomotive, &c.—on the left, medallion head of Dewitt Clinton. Paper white and thin, and whole appearance faint and bad. Purported to be engraved by Draper, Underwood, Dald & Spencer.

Planter's Bank of New Orleans, at N. Orleans—No such Bank in existance.—*Reporter.*

WASHINGTON BANKING COMPANY.—The failure of the Washington Bank, New York—one of the institutions organized under the general banking law—was upon a note for $23,000 given to the N. A. Trust and Banking Company, in payment for $25,000 Arkansas stock, which was deposited with the late Comptroller, Mr. Flagg, as security for the issues of the Washington Bank.

The News, published at St. Augustine says, "It is a matter of gratulation to announce, as well as evidence of the skilful management of the interests of the Bank of Florida, by its Trustees, that amid the almost general suspension of specie payment, it is enabled to meet all of its issues by a prompt redemption.

GEORGIA BANKS.—Gov. Gilmore, of Georgia, recommends the re-chartering of the Banks by the legislature, to the Banking Institutions. In regard to the suspension, he says that "if permitted to go unnoticed, by the Legislature, it will tend to produce an insecurity and uncertainty in bank issues and credit, effecting most injuriously the relation of debtor and creditor, and the general wealth and prosperity of the community at large. The conduct of many of the banks, he thinks, shows the slight control which the obligation to perform their contracts has over them, and the probability that they will use the opportunity which the suspension gives them, of making profits from it, unless restrained by efficient laws.

It is believed that the Great Western did not take out one thousand dollars in specie on Saturday last.

RHODE ISLAND.—The New York American says, that about one-half of the banks in Providence, have determined to resume specie payments provided that a majority of all the banks in the city will join them.

BOSTON MONEY MATTERS.—The Boston Advertiser says, money continues scarce and high in the street, and is not appearing to much to the credit of the banks, that they are constantly discounting for their regular customers, in the extent of their accommodations, by long dated paper and "renewals" and "improper notes and support each other" and the sense in its appropriate dress will be apparent.

SHORT AND SWEET.—We hope that our subscriber will excuse us, but his letter is so good that we cannot help laying it before the eyes of our readers:

Vincennes, Ia. 6th Nov. 1839.

$1 for Sat. Eve. Post for 1840.

Cr. LEJ. WATSON.

Reader! " Go thou and do likewise."

☞ Our thanks are due D. A. BULKLEY, Esq. of Jacksonville, Illinois, for the prompt and efficient manner in which he is performing the duties of an agent.

INFORMATION WANTED of H. Wright, A. J. McCall, L. Abbott, of Hamilton College, N. J. each one a member of the class of 1836. We are informed that hereafter all defaulters shall be exposed.

Of Wm. Hall, late of Worrington, Ohio.
Of A. Lechler, late of Lancaster, Pa.

☞ MR. GEORGE TAYLER, whom we noticed some weeks since, as indebted to us, has called on us, and states that he left Bloomsbury, New Jersey, a year since, and notified the Post Master to send all his papers hereafter to us, but neglected. We are happy to say that he called, paid for the paper, and entered his name for the coming year.

We regret that the mistake should have occured, but we are determined in every instance, to make a similar exposure, when the circumstances warrant it. If we do wrong to any, we shall, as in the case of Mr. Taylor, make the correction.

☞ T. M. CARPENHART, of Morrisonboro', Ill. C. is no longer the agent of this paper, or of the Casket and Philadelphia Monthly Magazine,—and subscribers of either at that, or any other place, are requested not to pay any money to him on our account.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET, FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 21, 1839.

Breadstuffs—The Philadelphia Market has been pretty this week. Dealers continue to purchase sparingly, and only to supply their wants at almost all kinds in very light. There has been a sensible improvement in the Baltimore Market, and very heviest operations of the few past months indicate a belief that a difficulties and difficulties will be worked through, and money once more be at reasonable rates.

Flour—The receipts of flour in Quercitron reach to about 150 bbls. at $4.6 a ton, at which prices we quote the market lower and no disposition on the part of buyers to operate in it. Sales have been made of Spanish Oak at $15, and of Peach at $3.

Coffee—The operations in Coffee during the past week, have been limited and confined to small lots. Among them we notice 100 bags St. Jago at 11c. and 700 of Rio, in parcels, at 12@13c. principally Grocery at 13c.

Flour and Meal—Considering the light stock of flour, the sales of the past week have been active and to fair extent. They amount to near 2000 barrels, chiefly of Ohio and City brands for export. The price has been chiefly $5.25, though a limited part of the sales of Ohio and brands accommodated $5.37½, and a small lot sold as high as $5.50. The Brandywine mill, we believe, gave way to $6.25 at which price it has since ruled, and we quote it as offered at that price. The light stock on hand is still further lessened by the low state of the water preventing the mills from grinding.

Considerable sales of Corn Meal have been made at $4 in barrels, at which price it is still held. In bbls we quote the price at $17.

Grain—The arrivals in Quercitron reach to about 150 bbls. at $66 a ton, at which price we quote the market lower and no disposition on the part of buyers to operate in it. Sales have been made of Spanish Oak at $15, and of Peach at $3.

Coffee—The operations in Coffee during the past week, have been limited and confined to small lots. Among them we notice 100 bags St. Jago at 11c. and 700 of Rio, in parcels, at 12@13c. principally Grocery at 13c.

Flour and Meal—Considering the light stock of flour, the sales of the past week have been active and to fair extent. They amount to near 2000 barrels, chiefly of Ohio and City brands for export. The price has been chiefly $5.25, though a limited part of the sales of Ohio and brand barrels commanded

THE GEM.

Vouchsafe the Sphinx of Edda,
Thou! given to all the Gentiles,
Answer to the Enigma is but words by Post.
SPERM CANDLES CANDLE.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 20, 5, 9, 19, 4, 5, 9, 15, is the name of one of the Muses.

My 21, 4, 15, 14, 13, 14, 15, is what many consider an Ideal.

My 16, 26, 7, 12, 15, 14, is the name of a country in Europe.

My 8, 17, 15, 20 is a domestic animal.

My 25, 9, 7, 6 is a delicious fruit.

My 22, 5, 17, 10, 15, 5, 7, 6, is the name of a Democratic paper published at Hartford.

My 11, 12, 5, 8 is a very fine animal.

My 13, 14, 6, 15, 9, 12, 7, is the name of one of the Sons of the Times.

My 1, 23, 6, 4, 18, is useful in all countries.

My 2, 7, 10, 15, 5, 15, is the name of a Democratic paper published at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

My 3, 18, 4, 6, 12, 15, 14, 15, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 17, 16, 7, 6, 19, 17, is the name of a town in the United States.

My 15, 5, 10, 13, 15, 19, 5 is a distinguished writer.

My 13, 15, 12, 5 is the name of a liquor.

My 5, 4, 15, 11, 5, is not used by sportsmen.

My 1, 4, 6, 14, 15, 12, 5, is the name of one of our islands.

My 6, 6, 15, 1, 6, 6 is the name of a spring flower.

My 24, 9, 12, is the name of a very useful article in a family.

My 13, 5, 8, 17, 15, 22 is very much used.

My whole is the name of a weekly paper published in this city.

Of all things, never may I become that despicable thing, a woman, living upon sensation! The village matron, displaying up for her husband and children at evening, is far, far more enviable and respectable.—*Mrs. Ermens.*

A COMPLIMENT QUEERER.—A gentleman walking in the fields with a lady, espied a blue bell, and taking out his pencil wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

"This pretty flower, of heavenly hue
Most verily be allied to you,
For you, dear girl, are heavenly too."
To which the lady replied—
"If, sir, your compliment be true,
I'm sorry that I look so blue."

REASONABLE COMPLAINT.—The only prisoner in Nantucket jail has given the sheriff notice that unless the prison is repaired so as to guard him from the inclemency of the weather, he cannot remain much longer.

MATERIALS OF POETRY.—Good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy it drapery, motion its life, and imagination the soul that is every where and in each, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

REFLECTION.

Reader, pass on in'er waste your time
On bad biography, and bad reviews,
For what I am, this sentence may assure,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours.

A MECHANICAL PUZZLE.—A clock, the dial and hands of which appear perfectly detached from any mechanism, has excited considerable attention in the window of a clockmaker, of Cornhill. The difficulty is to understand by what means the hands are made to move as they do, when they are placed in the centre of a perfectly transparent piece of glass, and no communication with any mechanical power passes through the case of glass. The figures forming the hours are painted on the glass, thus rendering it abvious that the glass is stationary.

"Lobby Dan," said an African Roscius who was last evening paying his devoirs in a chiner—"lobby Dans, you says you not so beauterful as my romantic family points you;—why, look hear Dans, dares aint no use to where can give the full description uh your unrivaled charms. Now is'er dis plain speakin'—can any ting add a polish to Mamm's beauty, when he's not even at de finishing touch to de mawld? And as for calling you a violet and sparkin of its purfume—I won't say nothing about it."

Agnes's cheeks, in vermeil dyed,
With tender love my heart inspired;
My lips her luminous roses proved,
And took off all that I admired.

The world is prison in every respect;
In walks are the keepers in common;
The gaoler is me; the prisoner's me,
And the issues they're bound with are *Women*.

"It takes me to lick *James*," as the Yankee schoolmaster said when he swallowed the girl.

"Fare ye well," as the bear fly away, when he dined on one single cracker.

"I'm rising by degrees," as the quicksilver said to the thermometer, as it was getting cold.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Rub them well with salt every day for a week—then have both feet cut off just above the ancle.

An exchange paper says that among the various species of lying, that of lying in bed late is too common.

A man in Connecticut, recently had hard work to "shuffle of this mortal coil." In the first place he took a large quantity of laudanum—then stabbed himself in the neck—and finally effected his object by throwing himself into the river.

"What's fashionable, I'll mention,
"Is always right, even scarcely lane;
"At second to honour," cries grave Sir,
"What's right were fashionable too."

George, slowly damn'd for money due,
At once his luck of cash brought—
"I'll make no oath at, no"—Ah, do:
"And you shall be the first that's paid."

INTERESTING QUESTION.—At a debating club, the question was discussed, whether there is more happiness in the possession or pursuit of an object. "Mr. Chairman," said a young student, "I suppose I was courtin' a young gal and she was for to run away, and I was to run arter her, would'nt I be happier when I catched her than when I was running arter her?"

A Boston paper says that they have a new article for breeches in that city, which they call *hard down*. If the article stands a pressure well, it would evidently sell rapidly in our market.

WESTERN COURTESHIP.—"Well, Sam, be I told you I was going, I went a courting tother night. And what do you spose I got by it?"

"Why, what should you get, Peter, but consuming the precious time of a girl in the commonalty."

"No. Twant that."

"Well, what did you get? A kiss?"

"Yes; but I mean what I got with it."

"Oh! cuffed ears, I suppose; didn't you."

"Worse than that, Sam. I got the prairie itch, and what is worse yet, another says the only way to get rid of it is to kiss some girl that hasn't got it, and curse me if I can find one.—THREE-MORNING *Star.*

Never eat while you speak, as any man's throat is too narrow a channel for words to pass up and food meet to pass down at the same time.

COURAGE MID ARMS!—The Darien (Geo.) Herald thus exhorts the young men of that town to volunteer to go against the Indians:—"Hannibal passed the Alps; Cæsar conquered the Rubicon; Napoleon forced the bridge of Lodi; and why not the farmers and merchants of Darien cover themselves with glory by swallowing in the bogs of Okefenokee!"

THE OLD MAID'S FIRST OFFER.

I must tell you the heart-rending offer I have long wished to do so, and the time is at length arrived. (Her voice almost failed her from accidental whiteness.) Your dear Major Guffaw, who is now dead and gone, has left me—(here she was nearly swooning, and paused a minute)—a fortune, but none such as I would wish to have left me by a dear and valued ranger. Well, the Doctor had gone out to buy some leaf tea (I was a sufferer at the time), and did like to have his fun out. Dreams—and I remember his words well—"Miss Jones, you are a fine woman, and you must be married before you die." Now, the Major was a sensible man, and knew right in his upturned and imploring face! Now, my dear Major, you know how I loved you, and how sincere, did you not—of all the awkward occurrences.

The Major started, as well he might, but recovered himself in a moment, and said, "Miss Jones, I am sensible of your kindness, and I am just about to retire from the vexations world, and I must say with a sound conscience, and a clear conscience, I have no other way come to my aim than by marriage."

I struggled to restrain my hand, that I might put my handkerchief in action under the left eye (intent to cry), and I said, "Major, I am sure I will never freely." In the contest, after fruitfully resisting my kindness all gone, (dear, very kind Major), I was at length prevailed upon, and I started up.—I closed my eyes and made in a violent embrace with each arm extended, and fainted. I recovered, the Major busily seized a large tea-kettle of water, and threw it in my face, which I unexpected nothing, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Major made another effort to restore—I was always famous for my powers—mingling with the water and blood, converted with the tea-kettle, and threw it in my face. I was not in my right senses, and told my old associates that I should no longer join them at their youthful parties, as I was now a married woman. I began to feel somewhat hungry, and as a necessary consequence of which I believe our guests are very unjustly disrespected. Allow me to do something for the good old creature in the way of legacy.

Old Grimes's dog has long been dead,
And turned again to dust;
He's had his fun for, with other dogs,
His christian name was Trust.

He was a kind and faithful dog,
As ever trod the ground;
His blood was true, as I've been told,
By sheriff, out, and bound.

Whene'er he heard his master's voice,
He never failed to meet;
His tail was curtailed very much,
And stuck straight out behind.

His physiognomy was so mild,
As scarcely to be seen;
He did not bark at passers by,
As many puppies do.

He wore a ring about his neck,
Clymped of pure brass by hand;
And slept each night at Grimes's gate,
Nor suffered thieves to pass.

He never joined in any sport,
When dog days set them wild;
But kept away, and thus became
A dog-ma, calm and mild.

But dogs are frail, as on trials are
And Trust at last ran mad,
Yet Grimes endured the dire mishap,
Although it made him sad.

He cast around the poor dog's neck
An iron safety chain,
And bound him fast unto a post,
Because he was insane.

He growled and snapped, and raved and fumed,
But Grimes to limit could find;
Because, he said he's not quite so,
Had he his senses mind.

The tree that bound him fast to earth,
And also to the post,
Were soon destined for welcome death,
And Trust gave up the ghost.

Old Grimes, his wife, and children all,
At first were grieved, and sorry;
But afterward agreed, they had
Had died when he glory. DEC.

REFLECTIONS UPON AUTUMN.

Autumn has scarcely been ten days in my yearly visit, and to warn us of decay. The leaflet hangs wrestling with the wind; the frost of seven days gathers upon it, and its fragments are sticklers. Summer, soft eyed Summer! art thou gone? Yes—I will not hear thy sweet sadness in the long low in the vales, as thy faint breath steals from the leaf to leaf away! But why should we mourn? Is it because thy flowers are gone, and the sweet birds are hushed in the coverts of autumn? Is it because thy fruits are withered in the orchard? Is it because the fields are all shorn, and the Major and I were all alone in the breakfast parlor, when looking out upon the lawn, I saw the Major's dog Trust, on our lawn before me—is I there was gallantry in these days between—and I, myself, was the object of his passion. I felt my bosom's accustomed ease, and my heart's accustomed regularity, gone for ever, at this agitating moment, just as I was going to declare my love, when I was struck with surprise, my eye, upon my vocation—I felt I fainting I was, my mouth was covered in coarse repose; I felt a sinking of the heart, and I was unintentionally scattering round me, in the most unbecoming manner, the contents of my stomach! Trust was a spectator of my weakness, and he might, but certainly he did not, laugh at me. I turned a heartfelt sigh, and the self-reversal was just treading on the heels of my fainting, when I heard the sigh of my soul! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy!—Did you hear me call on the dog's name?

I struggled to restrain my hand, that I might put my handkerchief in action under the left eye (intent to cry), and I said, "Major, I am sure I will never freely." In the contest, after fruitfully resisting my kindness all gone, (dear, very kind Major), I was at length prevailed upon, and I started up.—I closed my eyes and made in a violent embrace with each arm extended, and fainted. I recovered, the Major busily seized a large tea-kettle of water, and threw it in my face, which I unexpected nothing, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Major made another effort to restore—I was always famous for my powers—mingling with the water and blood, converted with the tea-kettle, and threw it in my face. I was not in my right senses, and told my old associates that I should no longer join them at their youthful parties, as I was now a married woman. I began to feel somewhat hungry, and as a necessary consequence of which I believe our guests are very unjustly disrespected. Allow me to do something for the good old creature in the way of legacy.

From the Mercury.

OLD GRIMES'S DOG.

MESSRS. PORTERS.—My grandmother was not only personally acquainted with Old Grimes himself, but also had an intimate acquaintance with his dog; the particulars of which I believe my grandma has not very unjustly disrespected. Allow me to do something for the good old creature in the way of legacy.

Old Grimes's dog has long been dead,
And turned again to dust;
He's had his fun for, with other dogs,
His christian name was Trust.

He was a kind and faithful dog,
As ever trod the ground;
His blood was true, as I've been told,
By sheriff, out, and bound.

Whene'er he heard his master's voice,
He never failed to meet;
His tail was curtailed very much,
And stuck straight out behind.

His physiognomy was so mild,
As scarcely to be seen;
He did not bark at passers by,
As many puppies do.

He wore a ring about his neck,
Clymped of pure brass by hand;
And slept each night at Grimes's gate,
Nor suffered thieves to pass.

He never joined in any sport,
When dog days set them wild;
But kept away, and thus became
A dog-ma, calm and mild.

He had an iron safety chain,
And bound him fast unto a post,
Because he was insane.

He growled and snapped, and raved and fumed,
But Grimes to limit could find;
Because, he said he's not quite so,
Had he his senses mind.

The tree that bound him fast to earth,
And also to the post,
Were soon destined for welcome death,
And Trust gave up the ghost.

Old Grimes, his wife, and children all,
At first were grieved, and sorry;
But afterward agreed, they had
Had died when he glory. DEC.

REFLECTIONS UPON AUTUMN.

Autumn has scarcely been ten days in my yearly visit, and to warn us of decay. The leaflet hangs wrestling with the wind; the frost of seven days gathers upon it, and its fragments are sticklers. Summer, soft eyed Summer! art thou gone? Yes—I will not hear thy sweet sadness in the long low in the vales, as thy faint breath steals from the leaf to leaf away! But why should we mourn? Is it because thy flowers are gone, and the sweet birds are hushed in the coverts of autumn? Is it because thy fruits are withered in the orchard? Is it because the fields are all shorn, and the Major and I were all alone in the breakfast parlor, when looking out upon the lawn, I saw the Major's dog Trust, on our lawn before me—is I there was gallantry in these days between—and I, myself, was the object of his passion. I felt my bosom's accustomed ease, and my heart's accustomed regularity, gone for ever, at this agitating moment, just as I was going to declare my love, when I was struck with surprise, my eye, upon my vocation—I felt I fainting I was, my mouth was covered in coarse repose; I felt a sinking of the heart, and I was unintentionally scattering round me, in the most unbecoming manner, the contents of my stomach! Trust was a spectator of my weakness, and he might, but certainly he did not, laugh at me. I turned a heartfelt sigh, and the self-reversal was just treading on the heels of my fainting, when I heard the sigh of my soul! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy!—Did you hear me call on the dog's name?

I struggled to restrain my hand, that I might put my handkerchief in action under the left eye (intent to cry), and I said, "Major, I am sure I will never freely." In the contest, after fruitfully resisting my kindness all gone, (dear, very kind Major), I was at length prevailed upon, and I started up.—I closed my eyes and made in a violent embrace with each arm extended, and fainted. I recovered, the Major busily seized a large tea-kettle of water, and threw it in my face, which I unexpected nothing, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Major made another effort to restore—I was always famous for my powers—mingling with the water and blood, converted with the tea-kettle, and threw it in my face. I was not in my right senses, and told my old associates that I should no longer join them at their youthful parties, as I was now a married woman. I began to feel somewhat hungry, and as a necessary consequence of which I believe our guests are very unjustly disrespected. Allow me to do something for the good old creature in the way of legacy.

Old Grimes's dog has long been dead,
And turned again to dust;
He's had his fun for, with other dogs,
His christian name was Trust.

He was a kind and faithful dog,
As ever trod the ground;
His blood was true, as I've been told,
By sheriff, out, and bound.

Whene'er he heard his master's voice,
He never failed to meet;
His tail was curtailed very much,
And stuck straight out behind.

His physiognomy was so mild,
As scarcely to be seen;
He did not bark at passers by,
As many puppies do.

He wore a ring about his neck,
Clymped of pure brass by hand;
And slept each night at Grimes's gate,
Nor suffered thieves to pass.

He never joined in any sport,
When dog days set them wild;
But kept away, and thus became
A dog-ma, calm and mild.

He had an iron safety chain,
And bound him fast unto a post,
Because he was insane.

He growled and snapped, and raved and fumed,
But Grimes to limit could find;
Because, he said he's not quite so,
Had he his senses mind.

The tree that bound him fast to earth,
And also to the post,
Were soon destined for welcome death,
And Trust gave up the ghost.

Old Grimes, his wife, and children all,
At first were grieved, and sorry;
But afterward agreed, they had
Had died when he glory. DEC.

REFLECTIONS UPON AUTUMN.

Autumn has scarcely been ten days in my yearly visit, and to warn us of decay. The leaflet hangs wrestling with the wind; the frost of seven days gathers upon it, and its fragments are sticklers. Summer, soft eyed Summer! art thou gone? Yes—I will not hear thy sweet sadness in the long low in the vales, as thy faint breath steals from the leaf to leaf away! But why should we mourn? Is it because thy flowers are gone, and the sweet birds are hushed in the coverts of autumn? Is it because thy fruits are withered in the orchard? Is it because the fields are all shorn, and the Major and I were all alone in the breakfast parlor, when looking out upon the lawn, I saw the Major's dog Trust, on our lawn before me—is I there was gallantry in these days between—and I, myself, was the object of his passion. I felt my bosom's accustomed ease, and my heart's accustomed regularity, gone for ever, at this agitating moment, just as I was going to declare my love, when I was struck with surprise, my eye, upon my vocation—I felt I fainting I was, my mouth was covered in coarse repose; I felt a sinking of the heart, and I was unintentionally scattering round me, in the most unbecoming manner, the contents of my stomach! Trust was a spectator of my weakness, and he might, but certainly he did not, laugh at me. I turned a heartfelt sigh, and the self-reversal was just treading on the heels of my fainting, when I heard the sigh of my soul! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy! Lady Dedy!—Did you hear me call on the dog's name?

I struggled to restrain my hand, that I might put my handkerchief in action under the left eye (intent to cry), and I said, "Major, I am sure I will never freely." In the contest, after fruitfully resisting my kindness all gone, (dear, very kind Major), I was at length prevailed upon, and I started up.—I closed my eyes and made in a violent embrace with each arm extended, and fainted. I recovered, the Major busily seized a large tea-kettle of water, and threw it in my face, which I unexpected nothing, I screamed with surprise and terror. The Major made another effort to restore—I was always famous for my powers—mingling with the water and blood, converted with the tea-kettle, and threw it in my face. I was not in my right senses, and told my old associates that I should no longer join them at their youthful parties, as I was now a married woman. I began to feel somewhat hungry, and as a necessary consequence of which I believe our guests are very unjustly disrespected. Allow me to do something for the good old creature in the way of legacy.

Old Grimes's dog has long been dead,
And turned again to dust;
He's had his fun for, with other dogs,
His christian name was Trust.

He was a kind and faithful dog,
As ever trod the ground;
His blood was true, as I've been told,
By sheriff, out, and bound.

Whene'er he heard his master's voice,
He never failed to meet;
His tail was curtailed very much,
And stuck straight out behind.

His physiognomy was so mild,
As scarcely to be seen;
He did not bark at passers by,
As many puppies do.

He wore a ring about his neck,
Clymped of pure brass by hand;
And slept each night at Grimes's gate,
Nor suffered thieves to pass.

He never joined in any sport,
When dog days set them wild;
But kept away, and thus became
A dog-ma, calm and mild.

He had an iron safety chain,
And bound him fast unto a post,
Because he was insane.

He growled and snapped, and raved and fumed,
But Grimes to limit could find;
Because, he said he's not quite so,
Had he his senses mind.

The tree that bound him fast to earth,
And also to the post,
Were soon destined for welcome death,
And Trust gave up the ghost.

Old Grimes, his wife, and children all,
At first were grieved, and sorry;
But afterward agreed, they had
Had died when he glory. Dec